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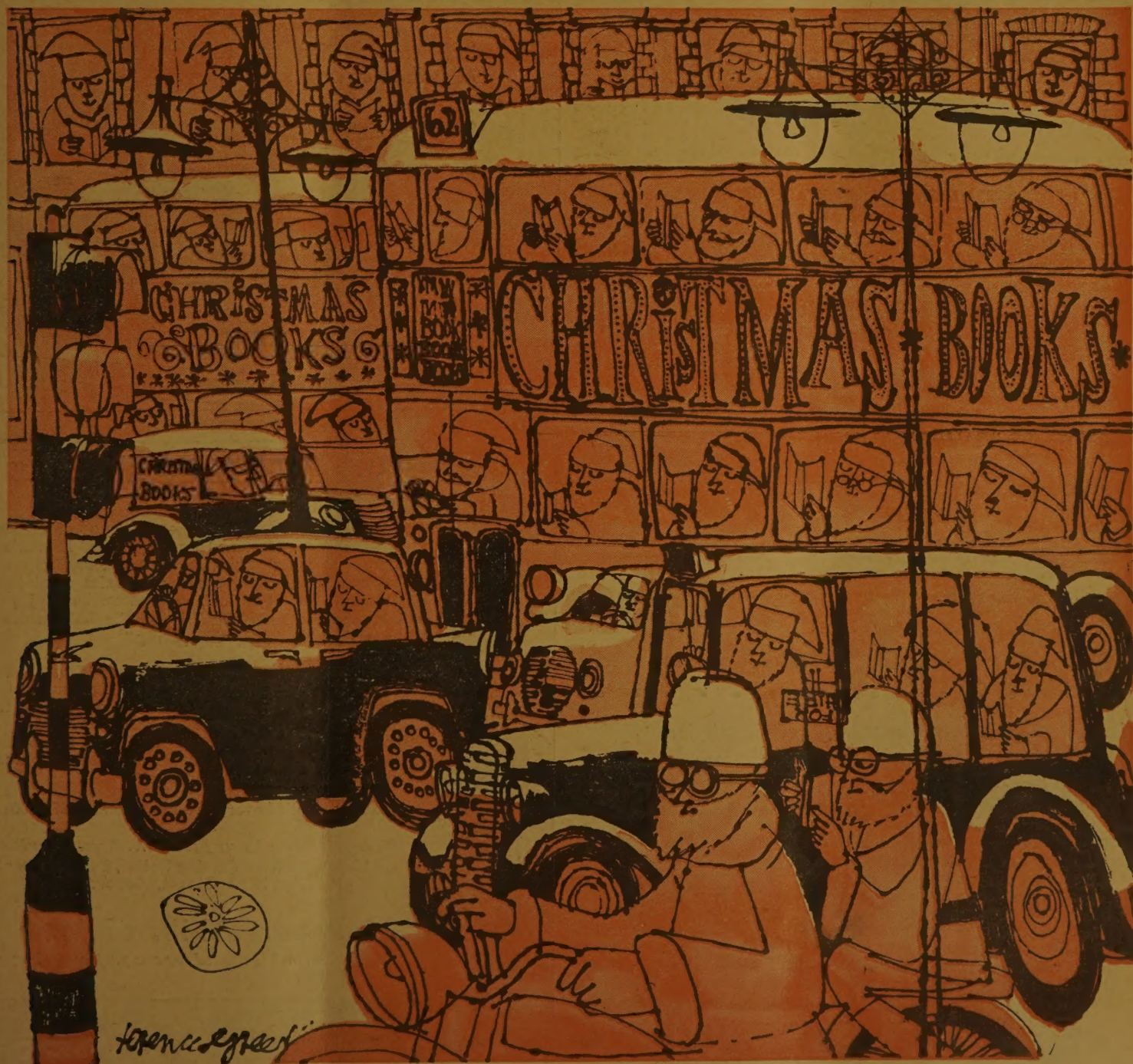
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The Listener

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Thursday November 30 1961

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White-collar Revolt?

By V. L. ALLEN

IT has been generally believed that militant trade-unionism with its methods crudely forged out of force could never be used by white-collar workers and, in any case, was unnecessary for the protection of their economic well-being. It was felt that they could solve the problems they had with employers through their own individual efforts but if it should become necessary for them to act collectively then they would do so with dignity and refinement as befitted intelligent men. Not for them the methods of steel-workers, dockers, and miners.

Recently, however, we have witnessed the spectacle of school-teachers going on strike; of solicitors working to rule; of scientists parading their grievances through the streets of London; of insurance men lobbying the House of Lords; of chemists threatening to leave the National Health Service; of a vicar suggesting a trade union for clergymen. How do we explain this divergence between the accepted image of white-collar workers and their recent behaviour? Is it a temporary phenomenon or does it indicate a revolution in attitude?

It is neither. It is not new for white-collar workers to act collectively. A National Union of Elementary Teachers was formed as long ago as 1870. Clerks formed a union in 1897; local government officials in 1905; many civil service departmental unions were in existence before the first world war, and even the bank clerks, the élite of clerks, formed a union in 1917 and were 50 per cent. organized by 1921. Nor is it the first time they have used militant methods. All were particularly aggressive after the

first world war. There were strikes among bank clerks in Ireland, insurance agents in Scotland, and school teachers in England and Wales. Various other groups threatened strike action. Civil Servants demonstrated in their masses against the Government.

Since the second world war a number of industrial protests have been made. In 1950 doctors decided to leave the National Health Service but afterwards changed their minds, and in 1957 health-service workers imposed a ban on overtime; on various occasions clerks in the motor industry have gone on strike.

But there is a difference between now and the earlier demonstrations. It is one of size and diversity. More white-collar workers from a wider range of occupations than ever before are willing to use the methods of militant unionism to redress their grievances. It seems reasonable that they should do so. They are, after all, members of a permanent employed class in exactly the same way as manual workers. They sell their labour in a market which, on the one hand, has many sellers struggling to obtain the highest price for their labour and, on the other, few buyers who are seeking to buy at the lowest cost possible. As individuals they suffer from being in a position of market inferiority.

But this clearly is an inadequate explanation, for despite their market similarity white-collar and manual workers on the whole have responded differently to economic pressures. Whereas approximately 60 per cent. of the manual workers in Britain belong to trade unions, only about 21 per cent. of the white-collar workers do so. All told almost two-thirds of the unorganized

employees in Britain are in white-collar employment. What accounts for this?

Some social scientists seek an explanation in terms of the different conditions under which these two groups work. It is said that because the white-collar workers have often had higher earnings, greater security in their jobs, more congenial working hours and cleaner working conditions, than the manual workers; because they have not had to work tiresomely in factories and soil their hands; because they have been able to wear their everyday street clothes at work, they have not felt the same need to protest collectively.

This explanation presupposes a correlation between material well-being and industrial contentment which does not exist. It is incorrect to assume that the better off a man is the more complacent he is likely to be about his work situation. The whole weight of historical and contemporary research disputes this. The highest paid manual workers have always been among the most militant of their group, and it has been the doctors and school-teachers, not the lowly paid clerks in dingy back-street offices, who have displayed the greatest collective aggressiveness. There is not an indirect proportionate relationship between militancy and earnings. A person earning £2,000 a year may be no less dependent upon his employer than one earning only £10 a week. The extent of his dependence is determined by the availability of other jobs. He may have to be given three months' notice of dismissal but the fact of dismissal is not made more palatable by that. The point is that a teacher or an administrator does not compare his industrial situation with that of a labourer or a porter in order to assess his satisfaction with it. He compares it with that of men with similar economic and social opportunities in different occupations. This provides vast scope for disgruntlement. We must look beyond the work situation for an explanation of the collective behaviour of white-collar workers.

Striving for Prestige

A prime distinguishing mark of those in white-collar employment has been their striving for prestige. This has always been so. They have possessed social aspirations but have had limited means for achieving them. Unlike the members of the upper class they could not claim prestige as their birthright; nor could they, like the captains of industry, base it on power and authority. So they sought it in the only way left open to them—by concentrating on social differences; by relating prestige to appearances. Already they were separated from the manual group by the stigma attached to dirty work, and they sought to consolidate this separation by segregating themselves both physically and socially from manual workers. They were successful. The separation became a part of our social structure. It was embodied in the educational system and epitomized in the distinctions between elementary education on the one hand and grammar and bought education, often of a low standard, on the other. Its encouragement became a commercial proposition. Social pretensions were exploited for profit.

Prestige became linked with the ownership of particular commodities: with houses and cars; later with washing machines, then refrigerators. Products for the families of white-collar workers were designed to appeal to the socially aspiring; they were *de luxe* working-class editions but they were accepted and they made higher profits. Out of this situation developed the fetish of competitive consumption, making it necessary for one group always to keep ahead of the other in the range and quality of the goods it consumed. White-collar employment became associated with a way of life; with privately owned houses sitting in their tidy gardens; each as private and tidy as the other, glowing with respectability and oozing with smugness; with annual holidays, not outings; with wives who did not go out to work.

The social insularity of white-collar workers was fostered by the privileged treatment they received from employers. White-collar workers were called staff, not hands, operators, or workmen; they were paid salaries, not wages, and were paid by the month, not by the hour, the day, or the week; they received a high degree of formal job security, superannuation, holidays with pay, sickness benefits, social and sports amenities—most of which were denied to manual workers. The staff were encouraged to identify their interests with those of the employers and to regard themselves as

having a personal relationship with them. To emphasize this, white-collar workers were paid at individual rates, and so completely did they accept it that they rarely revealed their salaries to each other. They were encouraged to regard trade union representation as being an intrusion into a highly personal affair. In general, manual and white-collar workers were discouraged from mixing at work. Their starting and finishing times were often different. Sometimes they were provided with their own entrances. The separation of staff from workmen was built into the structures of industrial organizations as if the two represented different castes.

The False Image

As a result of working in a protected and controlled industrial environment and under the influence of vivid external pressures, white-collar workers became involved in a great social pretence. They formed an image of themselves which bore little resemblance to economic realities. They saw themselves as individuals, superior to manual workers and able to progress through society unaided and without protection. They recognized no common interests. This image acted as a barrier to collective action.

But there have always been some white-collar workers who, for a variety of reasons, many of them personal, felt so aggrieved by their treatment at work that no amount of pressure or influence could distract or deceive them. These people constituted those minorities who formed trade unions. The support they received depended upon the extent to which the predominant social image was modified. Some modifications have now occurred, and the factors which have caused them have been relative changes in real incomes, the advent of full employment and the spread of mechanization into manual and non-manual operations.

The effects of relative changes in real incomes are the most obvious. Because the status of white-collar workers has depended largely upon their ability to engage in selective consumption, anything which has reduced their purchasing power has had implications for status. Two factors have been at work here. The early respectability of white-collar jobs induced many socially aspiring parents to direct their children into them, so that the supply of entrants exceeded the demand. The result was that money earnings were depressed in relation to the earnings of others. White-collar workers have also suffered substantial reductions in their real incomes during periods of inflation compared with manual workers. This is because their money incomes are less responsive to price changes than those of manual workers.

The inflation after 1918 shocked many white-collar workers into taking collective action as it did after the second world war, though then it was neither so sharp nor so shocking. Since 1945, however, price rises have been consistent and persistent. They have eaten into the real incomes of relatively fixed-income people and have brought about a substantial redistribution of money incomes as between white-collar and manual workers. In addition this period has been marked by a secular rise in living standards, making it possible for a wider range of people than ever before to engage in selective consumption. House-ownership and the possession of cars, washing machines, refrigerators and holidays abroad now characterize the lives of some manual workers more than some white-collar workers. When there is an overlap to any considerable extent the prestige value of the commodities concerned is lost. White-collar workers, in the main, have not had the means to escape from this by shifting their consumption to commodities beyond the reach of manual workers.

Reduced Privilege

Full employment has acted on the work situation of white-collar workers in much the same way as inflation has acted on their social position. It has reduced the element of privilege. When labour is scarce most workers have a relatively high degree of security in their jobs irrespective of the formal provisions for it. Inroads have been made into other privileges too, as employers have been compelled by the labour situation and union pressure to concede to manual workers' fringe benefits concerning holidays, pensions, and sickness. White-collar workers may still receive bigger and better benefits but they do not amount to privilege.

The spread of mechanization has also altered the image and so reduced the social distance between white-collar and manual

workers. Work in offices nowadays often involves the operation of light machines such as calculating machines, dictaphones, and computers, which so dilute the tasks that many of them can be done by what might be called semi-skilled non-manual labourers. The mechanization of the production processes has had opposite effects. It has moved from the stage of diluting craft skills to the point where machines operate machines, thus removing the elements of toil and dirt from work. Manual workers are increasingly able to wear light shoes and a tidy suit for work.

The factors I have mentioned function in an environment where there is an increasing number of opportunities for the traditional white-collar work. In the last decade the percentage of the total in civil employment which is engaged in such work has risen from 43 to about 50. This increase, coupled with the gradual spread of educational opportunities, has made it possible for the children of manual workers to enter non-manual employment relatively easily. It is no longer a social achievement to make this transition, nor is it such a pronounced social aspiration to want to do so.

Although all white-collar workers have felt the impact of inflation, full employment, and mechanization, some have felt it more than others. Public employees have been most affected by inflation and those in manufacturing industry least. The consequences of mechanization have been experienced most by workers in commerce and finance. Sometimes the incidence has varied within groups, as in the case of teachers where those on the basic scale suffer most from the Government's pay-pause policy.

It is clear, then, that white-collar workers are increasingly practising trade-unionism because they know they are losing their status and recognize that the causes are institutional ones. They are being compelled to scrutinize their objective relationships with employers and with each other. But this process has been going on for some time, so why the seemingly sudden outburst of militancy this summer? The answer is that the conditions I have described are necessary for the rise of trade-unionism but are not sufficient in themselves to determine its motion and intensity. Other things have to happen to shock, jolt, or prompt workers into phases of action. These other things are of a philosophical as well as a sociological nature, and for this reason they cannot readily be discerned and most certainly they cannot be anticipated. In the case of the latest phase of militancy it seems that it was the Government's interference with the collective bargaining machinery of certain groups which was the jolting factor, but it could have been a feeling of tension or frustration unrelated to industrial affairs. But, whatever it was, it did not have the power to create an unhesitant urge to take industrial action. Nor could it have that power.

The only militant methods white-collar workers know about are those they have denigrated and deplored in the past. Because they cannot uproot nor readily pass over the values which had determined their attitudes, they are confronted by a conflict between what is industrially expedient and that which is socially permissible. The consequence is one of utter confusion, marked by much talk, much dither and hesitation, many second thoughts, and an eager search for more palatable ways of redressing industrial grievances. The conflict is worsened by the essential nature of the work engaged in by so many white-collar workers. They have no desire to harm patients, children, or the public, yet they know that their protests will undoubtedly fail unless they do. Because they feel so deeply about this they rarely practise solidarity in the manual workers' sense. Opinions are often sharply divided about what should be done. All the time, moreover, they have an eye on public opinion. They want to avoid appearing offensive, aggressive, or inconsiderate; they want to preserve as much of their social image as possible.

Because so many white-collar workers are government employees or are financed in part by the Government, they are frequently found making political protests when they are aggrieved. They lobby the House of Commons or canvass individual Members of Parliament. They use constitutional methods which are sometimes quite effective. For example, both civil servants and school-teachers secured the defeat of the Government in the early nineteen-twenties through careful but vigorous political engineering.

With few exceptions all white-collar groups try to avoid political party alignments, whether in parliament or out of it. In this respect they reflect the dominant political attitude of white-collar workers in general. These workers, in Britain, are the political successors to the small, independent business men of the nineteenth century, but they possess neither their coherence nor clear-cut political objectives. They do not comprise a well-informed political body which acts as a pivot or stabilizer between the

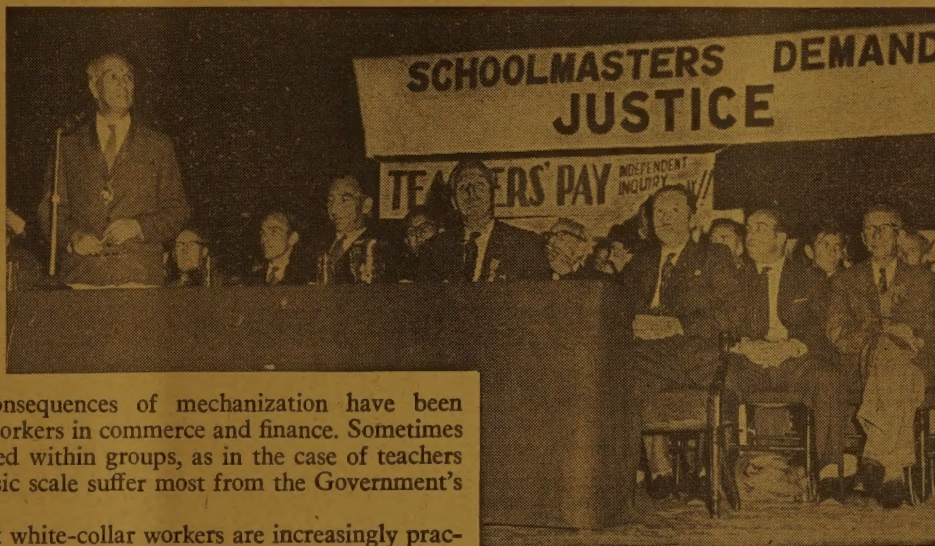
interests of organized labour and capital. They are not Populists or Poujadists. Though their origin is liberal, by conditioning they are conservative, preferring to conform and be safe. In the main they emerge from their political cocoons only during inflations. When slumps have set in they retreat back into their security.

Although white-collar workers do not neatly pivot the interests of labour and capital, they do lie

between them, contained on one side by a hostility towards the aspirations of organized labour and on the other by a suspicion of big business interests. The hostility presents a barrier to assimilation within the Labour movement which might persist long after white-collar workers have realized the need for collective action. French experience has shown that it is quite possible for white-collar groups to combine industrial aggressiveness with political conservatism. It is likely to be a long time before white-collar workers identify themselves with the political left for not only must a substantial erosion of their social image take place but the effects of many years of propaganda about the administrative ineptness of Labour governments must be wiped out.

In times of dissatisfaction white-collar workers, I believe, are more likely to adopt a negative than a positive political approach; that is, they would abstain from supporting the Conservative Party rather than vote Labour and they would not support the Liberal Party because, though it has many social qualities which appeal to them, it fails in the important respect that it does not present them with an efficient solution to their problems. In times of general crisis, however, there is little doubt that they would prefer a conservative authoritarian solution to their problems.

More than any other groups in society, white-collar workers operate within large, impersonal, hierarchical organizations. Their occupational activities are confined by rules which are obeyed unemotionally in the interests of efficiency. Through this environment they develop a bureaucratic personality which spills over into political affairs. They like neat, ordered, efficient solutions irrespective of wider implications. More than this: many of them, at heart, are impatient with parliamentary democracy. As public servants they see it at work and they dislike its gross inefficiency. The combined effect of these factors has led white-collar workers in other countries to support social movements which, like nazism, fascism, and de Gaulism, are nationalistic, authoritarian, and critical of parliamentary democracy. There seems little reason to suppose that in comparable situations they would act differently here.—*Third Programme*



The Politics of Emancipation

The third of the Reith Lectures by MARGERY PERHAM on 'The Colonial Reckoning'

IN my last talk I showed—I hope—how a concentration of influences converged upon British Africa to force the growth of African nationalism. The new nationalists felt that colonialism was so oppressive that it could not be ended too quickly. When the Belgian Congo fell, almost from the day of liberation, into the welter of fragmentation and murderous bloodshed which still persists, Belgium was blamed for inadequate preparation. But was any colonial power prepared in time? Britain may almost unconsciously have laid some passable foundations for freedom, but let us admit that, caught by surprise, she finished off the top storeys with ramshackle speed.

All her long experience of empire was against her foreseeing the speed of African political evolution. Her dependencies have gained their freedom in periods exactly in opposite proportion to their qualifications. Consider the long subordination of our white colonies while they advanced step by step towards the final definition of their independence in the Statute of West-

Not until the nineteen-thirties were well begun could Britain's administration go into really sustained action. Further, Britain had everything to learn about large-scale African administration. The Red Indians and the Maoris had presented marginal problems, both literally and metaphorically. Britain's first real attempts at administering Africans had been in South Africa in the early nineteenth century, the period of the strong humanitarian movement and later of confidence in the universal applicability of Victorian culture.

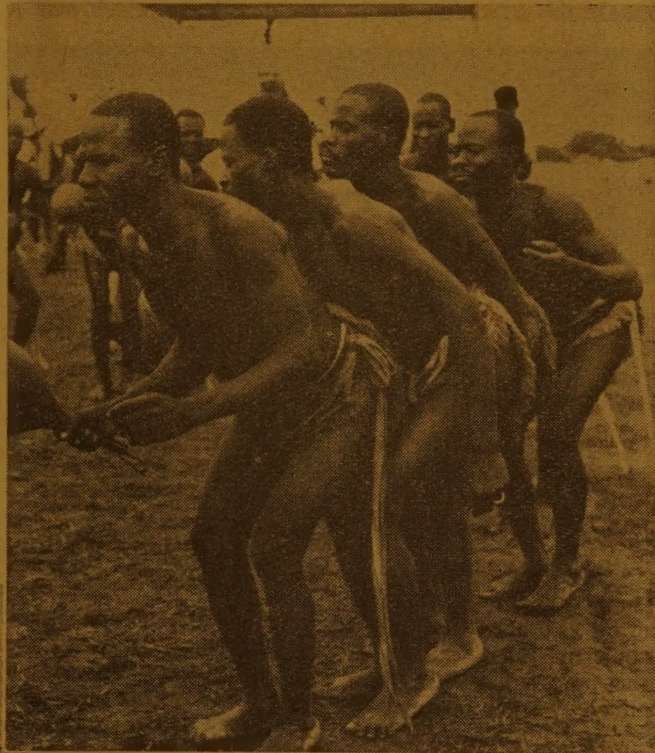
These influences, combined with inexperience, led in South Africa to the policy sometimes known as 'identity', of regarding all men as much the same, of simply extending the government and law of the existing white colony over the local Hottentots and Bantu. In West Africa this policy could be applied to the small areas first annexed on the coast. Here British citizenship could be given, English law established. A policy practicable for thousands! But what of the millions in the vast newly appropriated interiors? Here other methods had to be found, and found quickly. It was to meet this need that the system known as 'indirect rule' was developed. Many conquerors of peoples too numerous or too stubborn to be brought directly under an imperial government have tried to deal with them indirectly through their own authorities. Rome used client kings; the trials of Christ and St. Paul show

native rulers and native courts operating under the Roman power. So, when the earlier British policy of identity broke down, either in face of numbers or because western civilization did not simply 'catch on' like some beneficent infection, Britain swung over to its opposite—this idea that Africans were *different*, and could be ruled by simply letting their own rulers carry on under the general authority of Britain. This was a policy of limited liability: but, in Africa at least, it just did not work. British authority was too detached: under it the small African society certainly survived, but without the virile challenge of independence, without active help in adjusting itself to new conditions, it grew weak or corrupt.

Indirect rule was a much more dynamic and rationalized version of this policy. It was applied by Lugard in the advanced Muslim city-states of Northern Nigeria. With his derisory resources of men and money he had no option but to incorporate these effective native governments almost as they stood. But he was the first to see that the incorporation must be made dynamic, must link the native systems closely with British power.

The experiment was at first spectacularly successful. His own school of administrators helped to diffuse his model. During the nineteen-thirties almost everywhere in British Africa I found 'indirect rule' was the gospel. Even today nearly all British Africa still bears the imprint of this system.

Certainly it had its merits. It broke the shock of Western annexation; it was economical; it kept the peace; it induced a sympathetic, inquiring attitude in colonial officials towards African society. But resounding success can in time crystallize administra-



Yoruba men of Western Nigeria taking part in a tribal dance, and (left) an Ibo girl dressed for a dance



U. Beier

minster in 1931. Think of India with its ancient civilization and some 200 years of association with England, before her peoples attained their dual independence in 1947. Much the same could be said of Ceylon. To accuse Britain both of delaying independence and of failing to prepare for it in Africa is

to assume that she should have begun this preparation from the very moment of annexation. But, as I pointed out last week, most of tropical Africa's colonial period covers no more than the span of a lifetime. Before 1914 Britain could not begin really effective administration. Her scanty agents were still making their first real contacts with the tribes, putting down slave raiding and tribal wars, building roads and railways with African labourers who in some parts had never seen an axe, a spade, or a wheel.

Then came the first world war with two theatres of conflict in Africa itself and shortages everywhere of staff and funds. Administration, just getting into action, was cut back to a care-and-maintenance basis. Hardly had Britain got again into her peace-time stride when the great slump hit the world—and Africa. Staff and the budding colonial social services were cut back remorselessly.

tion: in lesser hands means can become ends—dead ends. There was also a tendency to warp and discredit chieftainship by making chiefs too much the agency of alien power. If the principle behind direct rule was that of identity, the principle behind indirect rule was the opposite—differentiation. Certainly the vast numbers of newly annexed Africans looked different enough from us. But they were not inherently, permanently different; they could change. It was here that the system tended to become static. In theory it was like a steel grid, carefully designed to accommodate native societies of all shapes and sizes. It could reform these: it could also stereotype them. Moreover, individuals were drawn out of their societies, to the new central government, to wage labour, to work in offices, to the ever-growing towns.

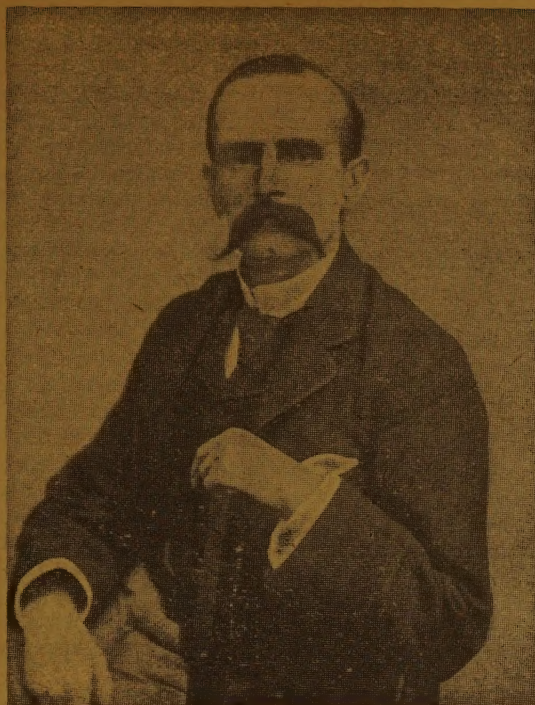
In the nineteen-thirties these socially and politically displaced persons showed their discontent with indirect rule. Whenever I talked to educated Africans their constant themes were that it led nowhere and had no place in it for them. Partly in answer to pressure, the British government gave way increasingly year by year just before, during, and especially after, the second world war. Legislative councils were given more nominated African members; then some elected members. These councils offered the people public debate of their affairs, a prototype of centralized parliamentary government. It was a period of all-round reform, expansion, advance, and increasing financial help from Britain. The Colonial Office itself was overhauled for its new and wider tasks. But none of these reforms could satisfy the West African élite. None of them offered an adequate answer to their own immediate personal ambitions or to their great new hopes about the political future of their territories.

It was in the Gold Coast that British Africa's first Negro dependency achieved independence. The full complement of almost ritual acts are there: the return from education overseas of the leader; the organization of the party; the appeal to the masses; the sloughing off of the moderates; the growing threat of force; the imprisonment of the leader; the commission of enquiry. Dr. Nkrumah had made an exact estimate of the strength of the fortress confronting him. It had become as light as a stage property. Two or three pushes of his strong irreverent hands and it was over. And on the other side was the Governor, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, a tall, broad-shouldered man, writes Nkrumah, 'sun-tanned, with an expression of firmness and discipline but with a twinkle of kindness in his eyes', who 'came towards me with his hand outstretched'.

Shortly after this, I was able to stay with Sir Charles and observe the friendly co-operation between him and Dr. Nkrumah as they worked together to prepare the Gold Coast for complete independence. This was in the early nineteen-fifties. It could not have happened just like this in the nineteen-thirties. The war and all those resultant influences which I described in my last talk had subtly changed Britain's attitude, though perhaps the authorities hardly knew it until the moment of decision. And with little Ghana free, how could Nigeria's freedom be delayed?

Emancipation in West Africa presented fewer problems than those which still face Britain in East and Central Africa: in Tanganyika, with its great poverty of finance and trained staff, yet due for independence next month; in Uganda, top-heavy with its kingdom of Buganda; in the settled states of Kenya and Central Africa. But in the unprecedented conditions of Africa all African liberations must be hazardous hit-and-miss transactions.

Consider the Africans' side, their state of mind as they enter upon the transfer of power. The leaders are generally young, often inexperienced in politics, nearly always inexperienced in administration. Above all they are on fire with indignation at their



Frederick Lugard (later Lord Lugard of Abinger), about 1895

From 'Lugard: the Years of Authority' by Margery Perham (Collins)

individual and racial status. 'My country groans', said Dr. Azikiwe in 1948, not—as you might expect him to add—under this or that substantial oppression, but 'under a system which makes it impossible for us to develop our personalities to the full'.

I remember the tone of voice and flash of eye with which a young leader from French Africa exclaimed to me: 'You have never known what it is to live under colonialism. It's humiliating'. It is difficult to exaggerate the state almost of 'possession' felt by African leaders during their struggles. One young Uganda politician confessed to a European friend that he could hardly get near to a white man without wanting to stick a knife into him. Let me quote fragments from Africans from French territories, who poured their passion into verse—French verse, to which translation does scant justice. The well-known African poet Monsieur Diop writes:

The angry waves of liberty strike
against the maddened beast.

From the slave of yesterday a fighter
is born.

Our recent guest in Britain, Monsieur Leopold Senghor, President of Senegal

and a distinguished poet, writes:

Through four centuries of enlightenment
Europe has scattered the slaver and bark
of her mastiffs over my land.

Such intensity of emotion was not confined to Africans. That so moderate and all-comprehending writer, Nerad Chaudhuri, relates how, sitting in the gallery at the opera in Calcutta, looking



Dr. Nkrumah when he was Prime Minister of the Gold Coast (Ghana) at Government House, Accra, with Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, who was then Governor and Commander in Chief

down at the well-dressed English audience below, he felt such a sudden gust of hate that he longed to drop a bomb and kill them all. He adds that there could be no redemption for India until it could escape from the 'snake's fangs of such hatred'; and indeed, thank God, it seems to have made this escape.

Forcing the Pace

Our African leaders had, of course, to be men of great powers of self-assertion. They had to construct their own platforms and jump upon them. They forced the pace of political development, cutting across the disciplines and loyalties of the colonial state. Their movements had often been born abroad, mainly, for British Africa, in London. Here students from different territories could stimulate each other and find sources of European support. They came up the hard way. Dr. Nkrumah tells us how in London he and his friends—probably in clothes of inadequate warmth—would work in a little office so cold that their breath fogged the one electric light. They would walk for miles at night picking up bits of coal fallen from carts and round coal-holes. Back in Africa the young leaders, with no regular funds, would hire a cheap room or two in the capital as party headquarters, with little equipment or trained staff, and with excited young Africans crowding it out. Yet the party would hardly be formed before it would be demanding self-government—and at once! Their cry was like the Red Queen's, 'Faster! Faster!', and in British eyes almost as unreasonable. Why such haste? Because of the head of psychological steam which had been raised behind the movement and had to be sustained. Because nearly every African leader was—and is—always in danger of being outbid and therefore outflanked by a rival leader.

I have been in six African states during their crises of transition, and my recollections turn from the excited African side to the apparent calm of Government House. The Governor's first duty must be to maintain public order. All his staff, from his senior officials down to every hard-pressed officer precariously out in the bush; every African chief, or elder, every policeman, draws his authority from the Governor and looks to him to maintain the established order against those 'angry waves' of the poet which beat against it. Yet tomorrow this allegiance must be switched to the new, the opposing leaders! Official policy is to make orderly and gradual concessions. But often that does not suit the African leaders; they need to strike the defiant posture of demanding, of taking, never—this is surely understandable—of appearing to receive their freedom. Working out a new constitution is an immense administrative and financial task which takes more than a matter of months.

Meanwhile the pressures rise. Is the Governor to stand aside, see the moderate, the loyal, or even the indifferent, intimidated; their houses burned, perhaps, the law flouted, the economy halted? He may remember Amritsar and will allow no shooting except as an utterly last resource. The leaders know this and on their side may court arrest. Had not Dr. Nkrumah, with precedents from India, shown that graduation through prison was an almost essential distinction for a leader?

A Power-house of Nationalism

Further, during this last decade of agitation and achievement the incitements, which had done so much to ignite the first fires of nationalism, have continued to blow the flames. Dr. Nkrumah's Ghana was no static symbol of enfranchisement: it was a power-house from which radiated currents to increase the power and heat of nationalism elsewhere. The 1955 Bandung Conference of twenty-nine Asian and African states was the dramatic prelude to a series of meetings, mainly in Africa, and especially in Accra and Cairo, at which Ghanaians, Egyptians, Tunisians, Moroccans, and perhaps Russian and Chinese, could give leaders still under colonial rule advice and, more, the sense that victory was within their grasp.

Perhaps the most serious problem of the transfer was due to Britain's tardiness in training Africans for higher posts in the Civil Service. And this remains as a grave weakness to the new states. The new African leaders needed a service in which loyalty and enthusiasm counted for more than efficiency. The Governor, in the crisis, needed the utmost steadiness and devotion from all his mainly British staff, and this at the very moment which faced

them with the abrupt end of their careers. True, they might have the option of signing on for a period under new masters—those very men, perhaps, who seemed to have been condemning all they had done, all they stood for. Would these, they questioned, have the constancy or indeed the resources to honour their engagements, and especially to resist the thrust of young supporters eager for promotion? Would they honour the Civil Service principles of political impartiality? But impartiality was perhaps the last thing the new Ministers were asking—or needing! On its side the British government fumbled with the problem and only, almost at the eleventh hour of African emancipation, offered the financial underpinning which alone can ease the dangerous staffing crisis. All honour to the many officials who stayed and worked so well, and also to their African employers. This is part of a larger marvel, which the Congo contrast lights up, that what has been essentially a revolution has been carried through with so little bloodshed or even disorder.

What happens on the morrow of independence? The new states set out as parliamentary democracies with universal suffrage, with all the human rights and civil liberties written into their constitutions. Very soon most of them depart from it: the Sudan and Pakistan have passed under military rule; democracy in Burma and Ceylon has, to say the least, been shaken; Ghana has made a dramatic break with parliamentary democracy and developed a one-party state under personal—very personal—rule.

A Vast Gap

Yet before we condemn such deviations we must surely try to enter into the difficulties of an African leader as he takes up the burden of power. He belongs to a very small educated élite; a vast gap yawns between this and the illiterate masses. These rallied round him for one single, unifying purpose, driven by the impulse, more of the blood than the mind, to free themselves from subjection to foreign rulers. This achieved, they would tend to fall back, either into their tribal groups, or else right out of them into a bewildered mass demanding a new integration under strong, even dramatic, leadership. He must therefore retain the *élan* and unity of the independence movement. How? One of the oldest devices for deflecting potential discontents and disunities away from a government is to project them upon some convenient enemy, to arouse that aggressive instinct which can be the strongest bond of a group. For the African leader this is to beat the familiar defiant note on the national drum—the old anti-colonial note. But the leader also needs positive support, an emotion which can transcend other emotions, especially the old loyalty of chief and tribe. To these socially orphaned people he must exploit his personality until he becomes—the psychologists might say—the super-self or the father figure. We are driven to use the fashionable adjective 'charismatic', the charisma on the leader's brow, a synthetic form of the unction that once belonged to kings.

But there are other demands upon the new leaders almost beyond human capacity to meet: the unaccustomed discipline of long hours of arduous office work; a world of a hundred nations, the greater part of which seems determined to visit, or to be visited; a score of conferences at home and abroad, including the great and all-important conferences at the United Nations; the bank balance handed over by the colonial trustees may be running down. Emancipation can land a new state in a lot of expense: a costly birthday party, a huge stadium, perhaps a national airline, an army and fleet, television, a steel mill, perhaps a hydro-electric scheme, impressive state buildings, and ministerial houses. Delegations of business men and contractors come flooding in. There are all the temptations for corruption. A little corruption may oil the joints of a stiff new machine, but too much of it clogs the works.

The party opposing this busy new government may be based not upon any political principle but upon sectional, even separatist, ambitions. Is this opposition, the leaders may ask, to be given a chartered liberty to disrupt, to entrench disunity, even to threaten to replace their new hard-working governments, and the party which has won independence? In all these circumstances, government by debate may seem too difficult and government by *Diktat* too easy.

Why, then, did Africans combine independence with this difficult parliamentary democracy? In past history, we may reflect,

peoples won freedom under great leaders, not shadow cabinets. But to Africans our system was, at least until recent years, the most admired and enviable. It was also the warrant of independence. Universal suffrage provided the perfect means of voting Britain out on Britain's own principles. But why did *we* agree to equate colonial independence with the Westminster model? The American presidential system with its separation of powers and its fixed terms of office might have given more stability, although the experience of Latin America might raise a doubt here. But we could give only what we had, the best we knew. And if we had invented something quite new, perhaps more autocratic, labelled 'Made for Africans', it would certainly have been rejected as insulting. Was it not best to begin with the principles of freedom written into the constitution, to endure at least as an ideal? African departures from democracy will lie not so much in African incapacity, as in African conditions: indeed, in conditions far beyond Africa.

Take a map of the world and colour the states which are genuine democracies, and you will get a pretty blank design! The Westminster model is the end-result of at least 2,000 years of development in a highly favourable island site: first—a coagulation of our separate tribes and kingdoms; then centuries of development of a central government by kings who hammered dissidents into shape. The control of this government passed from the king to the nobility, to the gentry, to the new middle classes bred by the Industrial Revolution. Finally, with the diffusion of a high standard of living, and of universal education, we at last achieved full democracy. Africans have taken over this long-evolved system before any of these conditions have been achieved. They are attempting almost the exact reverse of our own experience.

Africans know this argument well. They will expect it to end with the conclusion that they should have remained under tutelage for another 2,000 or at least 200 years. This is *not* my conclusion. I state with all emphasis my belief that once Africans had been



President Senghor of Senegal photographed during his visit to London in October

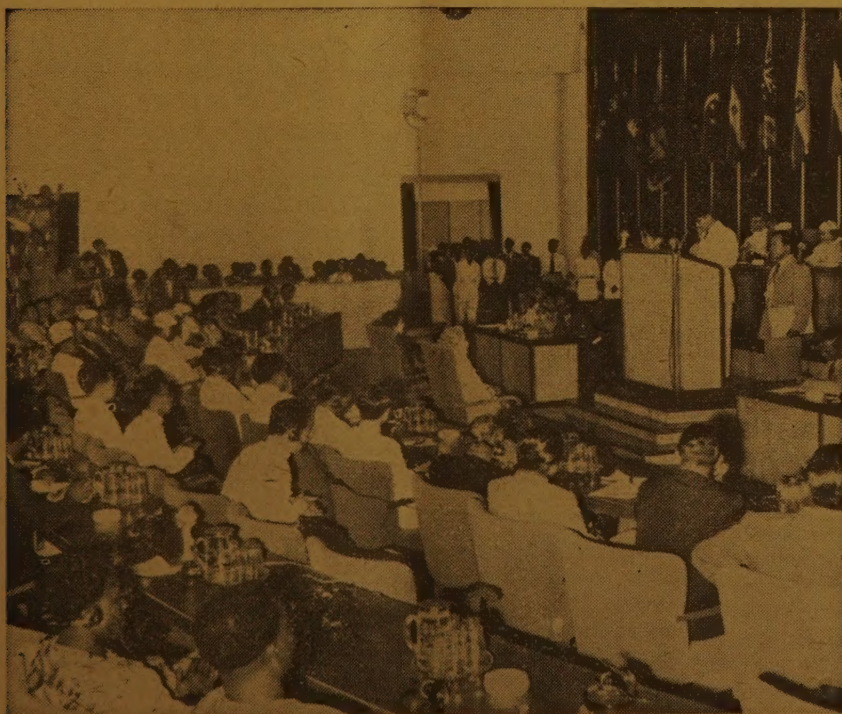
fully stirred into racial self-consciousness and political awareness there was little more that foreign rulers could do for them. We may try to equate Ghana with the Tudors or the Congo with the Wars of the Roses; but our immensely gradualist history cannot be exactly fitted to theirs. They need and can now borrow quicker if more dangerous mechanisms of change that may in part—only in part—make up for their lack of wider unity and political experience.

But we should not finish this review of the transfer of power without looking at one of the more encouraging prospects in newly independent Africa. Among these is certainly Nigeria. Admittedly, the Federation has only just passed its first birthday. Admittedly, too, it is a delicately balanced trinity of north, west, and east. Yet if the numerically predominant north can remain in association with the sophisticated and wealthy Yoruba in the south-west, and the intensely individualistic and vital Ibo in the south-east, Nigeria could evolve into a richly endowed nation. The federal constitution sup-

plies a needed rigidity. While each region offers full scope to the particularism of each major group, they are all held together by sharing an intense pride in being members of Africa's largest state, with vast opportunities for influence in Africa and the world—if they can keep united. Nigerians had also the advantage—which they now admit—of some ten years of arduous and co-operative discussion with Britain before they finally hammered out their constitution. And perhaps indirect rule, whatever its faults, did give long and practical experience in administration to thousands of chiefs and councillors. The very size of Nigeria meant that it had first claim on Britain's best administrative talent from governors—an impressive sequence—downwards. We must also recognize the great ability of the three regional premiers. As for the Prime Minister, to see him at close quarters is to recognize the true *gravitas* of the statesman. This enables him to put up some resistance to the pressures of the sectionalists and the impatient young. Such leaders win our admiration for their initial

achievement. We may hope that Nigeria is now so strong that her leaders will not find our appreciation the kiss of death, or even of detriment.

But the less stable peoples, the politically errant states, demand something more difficult to give—patience, restraint, the understanding of problems which lie deep in their too brief apprenticeship to freedom. Times may come when, as with South Africa, we cannot continue as a nation to maintain the public bond without being false to the basic principles of state and commonwealth. But we should remember that African states are strained as on a rack between their political ends and the lack of nearly all the means to achieve them. Unostentatious help and friendship might just turn the trembling scale in these states in favour of reason and justice, if not of democracy as we define it. For Britain was their political nurse and tutor, and we bear some responsibility not only for their public virtues but perhaps even more for their political defects. We should therefore show understanding and restraint to the eleventh hour.—*Home Service*



President Sukarno of Indonesia opening the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung in 1955

Agenda for a Free Society, edited by Arthur Seldon and published by Hutchinson for the Institute of Economic Affairs at 25s., consists of essays on Hayek's *Constitution of Liberty*. The ten contributors include H. B. Acton, Graham Hutton, Sir Henry Slesser, and J. W. N. Watkins.

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Life is Short

AMONG the books reviewed in our Christmas Book Number is Professor E. F. Jacob's *The Fifteenth Century*, the last volume of the Oxford History of England to appear, as it was originally planned. It has taken thirty years to complete the series and in many ways it is a distinguished effort, although rivals are now in the process of being produced by other publishers, some of them written and edited by younger men. Unfortunately life is short. Although the Oxford series was interrupted by the war, it seems astonishing that the series should have taken so long to complete that three of the original authors are dead and two or three of the volumes are already somewhat out of date, if they are judged in terms of recent research. Moreover one or two are by no means easy to understand. They were intended presumably for the top forms in grammar schools, university students of history, and general readers. Therefore their aim should, above all, have been lucidity. One may doubt whether all the volumes on our early history can fairly be described as lucid; one expert reviewer has even said that Professor Jacob's excellent volume leaves him with a blurred picture. What a pity it is that not all our university historians when they lift their heads up from their microfilms and academic journals are able to master the art of clear and attractive exposition for the ordinary reader.

Indeed it seems a little sad that a division still persists in the world of historical writing between academic writers and amateurs. It has of course long been so. Men like Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Grote were not university historians, yet their books undoubtedly made a greater impact than those of, say, Ranke or Firth. The academic historian of our own time, except when he reluctantly contributes to such a series as the Oxford or Cambridge histories ('I felt it my duty to do so', he mutters before returning to his muttons) is shy about writing a one-volume book that can be enjoyed by the general educated reader. There are a number of honourable exceptions, but, on the whole, university historians on both sides of the Atlantic appear to be nervous of the reactions of their own colleagues if they trespass outside the ten- or twenty-year periods on which they claim to be specialists. For example Miss Wedgwood's recent book on Strafford and Miss Jenkins's book, *Elizabeth and Leicester*, have both been the subject of some sweet-sour reviewing from experts at our universities.

It is noteworthy that the best book in the Oxford History of England was written by Sir Robert Ensor, himself a practised journalist. One would have thought that transparent clarity of argument and readability without vulgarity should be the first requirements in writing the history of our country or any other country. Surely it is not enough to devote time and large sums of money to prolonged and deep research unless the results of those researches can be distilled or refined for the benefit of people interested in the subject. The author should always ask himself the question 'For whom am I writing?' It should be possible for university historians, however specialized their techniques, to bear in mind that it is not always as easy as it seems to translate the findings of research into language that can be quickly comprehended; it is also important that they should try to answer the obvious questions that people ask about what was happening in the past.

What They Are Saying

Talking about Talks

THE PROSPECT FOR East-West negotiations after the Kennedy-Adenauer and Macmillan-de Gaulle meetings was the subject of much comment. Moscow radio told the home audience that the purpose of Dr. Adenauer's visit to Washington was to delay a settlement on Berlin in order to gain time for further West German rearmament, so that the West Germans could 'dictate their conditions' for a settlement. According to Moscow, it was being said in Bonn that if President Kennedy proved 'obstinate' and seemed inclined towards realistic talks with the Soviet Union, then the West Germans would try to 'intimidate him' with a separate military agreement between Bonn and Paris. On the other hand, the Germans were told by Moscow that Dr. Adenauer's 'diplomacy of aggression', which aimed at sabotaging East-West talks, had met no response in the West; he had been left in 'splendid isolation'. But subsequently the Soviet official news agency Tass said it was evident from the communiqué that Dr. Adenauer and Mr. Kennedy were both 'unready to adopt a realistic and constructive approach to the solution of major international issues'.

Hamburg's *Die Welt* thought the result of the Washington talks was a Western determination to seek the initiative. It went on:

Macmillan may regret that the basis for negotiations has been narrowed down to the pin-head position of Berlin. But he is bound to welcome the fact that the West is heading towards negotiations. It is hardly conceivable that the authority of Chancellor Adenauer should not suffice to change the attitude of de Gaulle on an issue which most affects Germany. Then the scene will shift to Moscow.

The Frankfurt *Abendpost* was critical of de Gaulle's Strasbourg speech and in particular of his reference to nuclear weapons:

At a moment when East and West are about to return to the negotiating table of the Geneva conference on banning nuclear tests, France's President has made it clear that he wants no part in it. He feels an atomic solo performance is a good thing and that he is entitled to it. This has again created a situation where the Russians can easily take any atomic explosion in the Sahara as an opportunity to withdraw from the Geneva conference.

Moscow radio said there were signs 'that the U.S.A. is not entering the [nuclear] talks with a clear conscience . . .'. Referring to the State Department's announcement that there would be no voluntary moratorium, Moscow said the very fact that the talks 'are to be held against a background of intensified tests of atomic and hydrogen weapons shows up the U.S.A.'s attitude'.

Accra radio, reviewing the royal visit in a broadcast for Africa, said it had been a memorable and historic event which had shown the ability of the Ghanaians to rise to great occasions, and the failure of 'imperialist' press campaigns, first to prevent the visit from taking place and then to prevent it from being a success. The station said that the 'unrestrained demonstration of popular support' for President Nkrumah would be among the Queen's and the Duke's most lasting impressions. Accra radio condemned a report, said to have been sent by a B.B.C. correspondent, that Mr. Nkrumah's reception in Ashanti had been cool.

The *New York Times* called the Queen's visit triumphal and in the best British tradition; it was also shrewd politics, which was likewise a good British tradition.

Practically speaking, the visit may do some good, but it is well to be hard-headed about this aspect, as the British would be . . . President Nkrumah and his young radical Ministers are moving rapidly towards a state that will not only be completely centralized politically but also socialistic economically. The Queen's visit is not going to halt these trends.

However, *The New York Times* went on, 'as things stand now', Ghana remains in the Commonwealth, President Nkrumah is proud to be a Privy Councillor, and the Ghanaians have had a chance to show their affection for the Queen. The visit helped to explain 'why the British monarchy survives in a sceptical and iconoclastic age'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

WHERE TWO SEAS MEET

'ST. PAUL'S ISLAND lies on the east coast of Malta at the mouth of St. Paul's Bay', said ERNLE BRADFORD in a talk in the Home Service. 'It is a half-mile-long bone of rock, little more than twenty yards wide at one point, and separated from the mainland of Malta by a narrow channel, just big enough to allow the passage of a small boat. It was here, so the story goes, that the ship carrying the Apostle on his way to Rome was wrecked. You may remember from the Acts of the Apostles how, when St. Paul and the rest of the crew and passengers finally reached the shore, "they knew that the island was called Melita".'

'I spent the whole of last winter living in the fishing village of St. Paul's Bay, and at last, one fine spring morning this year, I decided to visit the island. The biggest fishing boat in the small harbour is no more than thirty feet long. But they are as colourful and attractive as any in the world. They are open boats, with very high stem- and stern-posts (rather like a gondola), and with graceful curved bulwarks between. They are painted red and blue and white and black, orange and green and gold—all brilliant vivid colours that complement the sea and sky. On their bows they have carved and painted eyes.

'It was about a mile and a half from the harbour to the island. I found it was difficult to land on St. Paul's Island from the seaward side, because of the swell, so I sailed right round it, came back under the lee again, and managed to get ashore in the narrow part where the rock is only a few feet high. Here, if anywhere—at this point where the islet is almost cut in two—ought to be the place where the Apostle's ship ran aground: "and the forepart stuck fast and remained unmoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves". I sat down on a sun-baked rock, and read through chapter twenty-seven of the Acts again.

Yes, there was definitely something wrong. St. Paul, you will remember, had sailed from Asia Minor to Cyprus and then to Crete. The harbour in Crete was not safe to winter in, so they set sail again—only to run into bad weather. The "tempestuous" wind Euroclydon drove them before it, and it was not until the fourteenth night that the sailors knew that they were drawing near to land. Euroclydon was most probably what Mediterranean sailors nowadays call the Gregale—the north-east gale-force wind.

'So, on the fourteenth night the Apostle's ship "drew near to some country". This is the interesting point: "the sailors sounded with the lead-line: and found it twenty fathoms: and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms . . .". Being afraid of running aground during the dark, they dropped anchor and waited for the dawn. The little island on which I was sitting, and where traditionally the ship was wrecked, is what seamen call "steep-to"—that is to say, the sea-bed comes up abruptly from twenty fathoms to sheer rock. So, in fact, if you were approaching this island at night and got a sounding of twenty fathoms, the next thing that would happen is that you would be straight on the rocks. Yet, clearly, from the account in the Acts, the seabed shelved gradually, and the sailors had plenty of time to anchor the ship.

'But if St. Paul was not wrecked on St. Paul's Island—where was it? If you go up the east coast of Malta for a further three miles, you come to the channel that separates Malta from its sister island of Gozo. Immediately in the centre of this channel is a small islet called Comino. I sailed up there and I reflected on St. Paul's adventures again. On the morning of his fifteenth day aboard the ship, the sailors heaved in the anchors, and they "discovered a certain creek with a shore". They set sail and made for land. This is the really crucial point, for the account goes on: "And falling into a place where two seas met they ran the ship aground . . .".

'It is quite clear in the original Greek, *Topon diathalasson*, "a place of two seas". It seems to me clear that it was in this narrow channel between Malta and Gozo. It is one of the only places in the Mediterranean that could be described in those terms—for on one side you have the eastern Mediterranean, or Ionian Sea, and on the other the western Mediterranean. So I suspect that it was somewhere in the Comino Channel on the north coast of Malta that the Apostle's ship was finally run aground. Perhaps sometime in the future aqualung divers will discover the remains of a Roman merchantman close inshore on the coast at this point'.

A DIFFICULT SISTER

'In the south aisle of Brampton Church, near Huntingdon', said VICTOR ALLAN, in 'East Anglian Miscellany' (Midland Home Service), 'there is a worn tombstone which proclaims: "Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Paulina Jackson—the last of the family of the Pepys in this Parish. Died November 17, 1689". It is a brief inscription but, in a sense,



At St. Paul's Bay, Malta: the church of St. Paul—



—and fishing boats in the harbour

Photographs: Ernle Bradford

it adds a closing line to Samuel Pepys's diary. For this was Samuel's sister, Paulina, of whom he had such a great deal to say.

'Paulina Pepys—Pall, as everybody called her—was an outstanding family problem. According to Samuel, she was ill-natured, lazy, vain, cunning, cruel, a hypocrite, and a mischief-maker. I should say that most of these criticisms were merely by way of relieving his blood-pressure. For there is nothing to suggest that she was really a bad girl at all, and he certainly never failed in his concern for her welfare. No: I think poor Pall was just a family Cinderella, with none of Cinderella's charm—a plain, feckless, idle girl.

'In 1659, when the Diary opens, she was just nineteen—slopping around and breaking the dishes in her mother's London kitchen while Samuel was wondering what on earth to do about her. In the hope that she might profit by seeing a different side of life, he arranged for her to come as a domestic help in his own superior household. But it was not a success, and they packed her off to the family home in Brampton. She was more lackadaisical than ever in the country, and her brother began to fear that, if his parents died, he would have her on his hands for life. There was nothing for it: he must set about the enterprise of getting Pall married.

'He took a gloomy view of the prospects, remarking that "although a good-bodied woman and not over thick, she is full of freckles and unhand-some in the face". But he tackled the problem with energy, and became as watchful as a hawk for a likely victim. After various false starts, negotiations were opened with a Mr. Philip Harman—a recent widower who had an upholstery business in Cornhill.

'Samuel accepted the necessity of providing his sister with a dowry, and he offered her to Harman with a settlement of £500. The upholsterer protested at first that he required no money at all. But when matters came to a head, he staggered Mr. Pepys by demanding £800. (I should think he had been down to Brampton for a private view.) Meanwhile, a prospective husband had loomed up in Huntingdonshire. So Pepys made short work of the haggling Mr. Harman and switched over to the new candidate. The consideration demanded was £600, plus an extra £100 on the birth of the first child. By December, 1666, matters were settled; and then the bridegroom-elect fell dead, and all was in vain. Pepys entered the sad news in his diary—adding, in his chagrin, that the deceased was a clown anyway!

'He now became unscrupulous. In the spring of 1667 he hatched a plot to lead his old friend, the Rev. Richard Cumberland, into his trap. This was a kindly, simple-hearted scholar of much intellect and distinction who later became Bishop of Peterborough. But the bishop-to-be escaped. For just then news came from Brampton that the executor of Pall's late sweetheart—the clown—had offered to fill the vacancy. His name was John Jackson—described in the diary as "a plain young man of no education or discourse, but handsome enough for Pall". He came up to town, where Samuel clinched the deal for £600, and the wedding took place in February, 1668.

'It seems to have been a successful marriage—though it lasted only twelve years. She returned as a widow to the old house at

Brampton, and died there when she was forty-nine. There were two surviving sons, the younger of whom became Samuel Pepys's favourite nephew and eventual heir. Through him, poor unhappy Pall became ancestress to a long line of distinguished descendants which included two baronets, a countess, and the wives, respectively, of an Archbishop of Canterbury and a Governor of the Bank of England'.

OLD AND NEW IN INNER MONGOLIA

'My wife and I were sleeping one night in the courtyard of a little temple on the Ulan Chap steppe in Inner Mongolia', said DENIS MATHEWS in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service). 'On one side was the seventh Living Buddha, who died 100 years ago and

whose body was preserved as an object of veneration; on the other side, and probably sleeping rather better than we were, was the thirteenth Buddha, a young man of twenty, who, unlike his predecessor the seventh Buddha, was very much alive.

'The temple was a group of buildings with curved eaves, timbered joists, and grey-tiled roofs with little figures of spirits perched on it. These buildings stood round a courtyard entered through a gateway with its own roof, tiled and built in the symmetrical curves of the Chinese. Sometimes inside a gateway there is a low wall about ten feet long, rather like a blast wall, originally intended to keep out the evil spirits.

'One evening we went to a party. Some of our hosts wore blue jeans and cotton jackets, others wore sheepskin. They were a most generous people. They provided a whole boiled sheep: pretty tough, I may say, but this did not stop us joining our hosts and cutting big lumps of meat off the carcass with clasp knives and eating them with our fingers.

'Thirteen years ago these people of Inner Mongolia were serfs; their masters referred to them as slaves. Today they work in socialist co-operatives—communes—like the rest of China, mainly as horse raisers and farmers. The steppes in this part of Mongolia stretch far to the horizon, dappled with cloud shadows and covered in waving grass and thyme. Cultivation was just beginning. The people showed us fields of wheat and millet, and orchards which were being planted. We were a long way from the amenities of Peking. Here there are none of the "many-storeyed buildings lit by electric bombs", as one worker described them. There were a few tents made of heavy felt, and many small houses, whitewashed, and painted with gaily coloured patterns.

'The only contact with the outside world is by horse or jeep, and until recently the people were afraid of disturbing the unbroken ground, because that was where the spirits lived. But now a mixture of the ancient and modern seems to be taking hold. Nomadic tribes are settling down on the land. Excavators are digging up new iron-ore fields. Mass production and emancipation have captured the imagination. An old woman, who was a serf only thirteen years ago, summed this up nicely. As she was dropping some cream pats into our salted tea with her chopsticks, she said: "When you come to see us again the cream will be much better; then it will be made by machine".



A cartoon by the eighteenth-century artist, James Gillray: 'The Plum-pudding in Danger—or—State Epicures taking un Petit Souper:—"the great globe itself, and all which it inherit", is too small to satisfy such insatiable appetites'. Mr. David Low gave an address at the unveiling, on November 16, of a new stone on the cartoonist's grave in St. James's Churchyard, Piccadilly, which was reported in 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme). He referred to the 'new form of political criticism' invented by Gillray when he 'put into his drawings portraits of politicians as symbols of their own policies'.

The Plain Man—III

Institutions and Men

By JOHN REX

PROFESSOR C. WRIGHT MILLS recently caricatured the views of his contemporary Talcott Parsons on the question of social change as follows:

One point does puzzle me a little: given this social equilibrium and all the socialization and control that man it, how is it possible that any one should ever get out of line? This I cannot explain very well, that is in terms of my systematic and general theory. And there is another point that is not as clear as I should like it to be: how should I account for social change, that is for history? About these two problems I recommend that whenever you come upon them you conduct empirical investigations.

A Relevant Caricature

This is, of course, a caricature of what Talcott Parsons says, but it is a relevant caricature, for, like most sociological theorists, Parsons, having built up his theoretical account of society as a system of social action, and having shown why all social roles and institutions are as they are, has the greatest difficulty in offering any reason as to why they should change. And since this sort of theoretical attitude has practical consequences, it is worth while asking whether some sort of alternative sociology is not called for. I want to suggest some of the main lines of such a sociology and to indicate what I believe to be its consequences in terms of the attitudes which we adopt towards existing institutions.

The reason why the approach to the study of society typified by that of Professor Parsons has such wide currency is easy to understand. The nineteenth century, in which the main lines of the sociological tradition were laid down, was a century of rapid change, and hence a century in which men frequently projected utopias for their own future. When such utopias proved impossible of realization, it was natural that the more profound thinkers of the time should have injected into social thought a strong dose of political realism. The burden of their argument was that all spheres of human activity, all social institutions, were so interconnected that it was not possible to bring about social change at will within any one sphere without making changes in other spheres as well.

Comte went on from this to draw conservative conclusions, devoting many pages of his *Positive Philosophy* to deriding wild-eyed idealists, who although they could accomplish little in the long run, might, as he put it, 'make terrible devastation in the interval'. Marx, on the other hand, drew the conclusion that scientific socialism demanded revolution in the economic base as the prerequisite of all other forms of revolution.

More recently, a similar argument has been put forward by social anthropologists engaged in advising colonial administrators. They would protest at the ham-handedness of these administrators in trying to reform the customs of the tribes entrusted to their care, without really understanding the meaning of these customs. They went on then to argue that a culture or a social system must be understood as an interconnected whole, in which change in any one sphere must be accompanied by change in all the others.

One result of this approach by the sociologists to their subject matter has been a radical split between the historians and the sociologists. The historians have been inclined to present history as a mere chronological sequence of events without looking for general underlying causal factors. And the sociologists have concentrated entirely on a quest for these general factors to the exclusion of any interest in historical change. This split, however, could be overcome if sociologists would take another look at their theory of social institutions to see whether it should not be restated in such a way as to account for change and development.

The social anthropologists who have contributed so much to our understanding of the nature of social systems were themselves always aware of an important difficulty in their theory. In answering the question 'what determines the nature of an institu-

tion?', they saw that a distinction had to be made between its declared purpose and what they came to call its 'function' or sometimes its 'latent function'. But having made this distinction they concentrated solely on the latent function, which was seen either as the contribution which the institution made to satisfying the biological needs of the population, or its contribution to maintaining the social structures of the status quo. In either case this meant that the form of the institution was tied down to and determined by an unchanging factor. Thus, despite its insights gained from switching attention to the unintended consequences of human action, the theory offered no explanation of historical development.

I should like to draw attention to three important points at which this theory of institutions might be revised and would suggest that, if it is revised in this way, not only would it be better able to account for historical development, but it would also profoundly affect our attitude to the institutions with which we have to deal. First, there is the question of the role of the creative individual in social progress. Secondly, there is the problem of the inherent conflict of purposes which affects most institutions. And, thirdly, there is the question of the role of the ordinary individual, the layman, in shaping the institutions in which he participates.

A particularly useful contribution to sociological understanding has recently been made by Mr. Raymond Williams in his book *The Long Revolution*.* It arises out of his attempts to reconcile the different usages of the term 'culture' by sociologists and critics. Unlike many of his colleagues, Mr. Williams accepts the sociologists' usage of the term to refer to the whole way of life of a people, not just its books and pictures, but its methods of production, its forms of education, its way of forming trade unions and so on. The problem then is to show how the creators of culture in the other sense participate in this way of life.

Mr. Williams draws attention, as many of the critics of sociology have drawn attention, to the lifelessness of most sociological and historical studies of past epochs and cultures and suggests that what is missing is any understanding of what he calls 'the structure of feeling' of the period as it appeared to its more sensitive participants. In so doing he suggests one important factor in the institutional complex which most sociologists leave out. This factor is the work done by the artists and intellectuals of a period in articulating the meanings and purposes of the cultural system and in positing new meanings and purposes which will shape the culture in the future.

Whose Needs are to be Satisfied?

I would not wish, in opposition to anthropologists like Malinowski, to suggest that the satisfaction of biological needs is irrelevant to this system of meanings, or, in opposition to Marxists, that they are not intimately bound up with an understanding of the form of the social relations of production. But by tying social institutions down to biological needs we leave many problems unresolved. Whose needs are to be satisfied and at what level? Surely this is a matter of the values implicit in the culture. Marx himself was always at pains to point out that the social relations of production were not simply imposed on us by nature but were themselves the product of human agency. Thus, much fruitful thinking is now going on within the framework of revisionist Marxism about the kind of relation which exists between basis and superstructure.

It is quite compatible with the sociologist's picture of an institutional system to argue that the determination of institutional forms depends in part on the meanings and purposes which a people sets for itself; these may change, and the articulation of new meanings is always the work of a creative minority. A similar point to this in fact emerges strongly in the course of Max

Weber's historical and comparative studies of religion and social structure in China, India, and Palestine. One of the chief distinguishing features of the ideological situation in Ancient Palestine, as Weber saw it, lay in the existence of a class of free-lance prophets, who are not merely a state-employed literati, or a group of royal chaplains, but visionaries who attempted to reorient the religious thinking of the masses in accordance with what they saw as the needs of the time.

Legitimate Authority

The second point about the sociological theory of institutions which I should like to criticize is the apparent assumption that those who participate in them consciously share common purposes. This, it seems to me, is only rarely the case in history. Far more usually the officers of an institution impose rules of conduct on the laity, and the laity, more or less willingly, or more or less sullenly, acquiesces. At one extreme we might, it is true, have total agreement on, and internalized commitment to, the values pursued. But at the other extreme there might be total opposition to the officers so that they rule, in effect, by force; and the usual situation is one in which the activities of the officers are consented to, not because they are those which the laity desire, but simply because the officers are believed to hold some kind of legitimate authority. Again, it was Max Weber who saw that the concept of legitimate authority was the central one in the analysis of institutions.

Such a concept, too, is at the core of Professor Ralf Dahrendorf's recent attempt to revise the Marxist notion of class conflict in his book *Class and Class Conflict in Industrial Society**. According to Dahrendorf there is always a conflict between those who possess authority and those who do not; and it is when conflicts in one situation overlap with or mesh with those in another that we get the sort of overall conflict of social purposes which the Marxist model of revolutionary development suggests.

If this view is correct our theory of institutional interconnexions must be considerably modified. Institutions might be looked on as imposed by a ruling élite contrary to the aims of those who are compelled to work within their framework. Or it may be held that while in the first place they arose to meet a commonly felt need, in the long run the officers ran counter to the purposes of the laity, who would then work out techniques of resistance or even seek to develop their own counter-institutions to work against those of the officer élite. In either case one would expect to find within the institution not a clearly defined purpose but a latent conflict of purposes, which would provide the dynamic for institutional change.

This brings us to the third point. Because institutions are imposed they can never be really static. For the ordinary men and women on whom they are imposed will continually be groping for new forms which give more adequate expression to their needs. Hence it is to these ordinary men and women and their needs that we must look, in part at least, for the creative element in social institutions. This was a fact noted by both Max Weber and Ernst Troeltsch in their work on the sociology of religion. Weber always couples his studies of the creative religious ideas of intellectuals with an account of the economic and religious interests of ordinary people, and he seeks to show why particular religious formulations have always appealed to certain classes. Troeltsch goes even further, stressing not merely the fact that the religious response of the masses is related to their economic interests, but that by their very naivety, their innocence of the doctrines of the schools, they are equipped to play a genuinely creative part in religious history. As he puts it:

It is the lower classes who do the really creative work, forming communities on a genuinely religious basis. They alone unite imagination and simplicity of feeling with a non-reflective habit of mind, a primitive energy and an urgent sense of need.

Intellectuals and prophets have their part to play. But it is only because of this substratum of unsatisfied and incoherent aspirations which underlies the institutional superstructure that they have the power to influence history.

The three points which I have made are not really distinct. The creative minorities and the masses unite to form new movements; and the new movements often develop in an atmosphere of revolt against the authority of an institutional élite. What is certain,

however, is that no objective study of institutions is complete unless it includes an account of the movements and incipient movements which arise within them. A study which fails to take them into account can have little but ideological significance.

The issue here is not merely a theoretical one. Our way of studying and analysing institutions profoundly affects our attitudes towards them. If all that our sociology shows is that institutions as they are, are 'necessary', then there is nothing for it but to submit. But if we recognize that most institutions have within them an inherent conflict of purposes, we are bound to take sides. As Karl Mannheim pointed out in his greatest work, *Ideology and Utopia*, the conception of a purely objective sociology is naïve. But what is necessary from the point of view of those who wish to preserve the *status quo* is by no means necessary from the point of view of those who wish to change it.

None the less there is a warning here both for those who set up institutions and for those who organize men to change the existing order. For it is easy to see how any organization which fails to take account of the changing purposes of men will ossify, how its offices will cease to have meaning except for their incumbents, and how those incumbents may come to be merely a privileged élite intent on preserving the perquisites of office. In such circumstances there is less and less possibility of an appeal to common purpose, less and less acceptance of the legitimacy of the office-holder's authority, and more and more reliance on authoritarian methods of rule. This is as true in the history of churches as it is in the history of political parties, and as true in those parties and sects concerned with promoting change as it is in those intent on maintaining stability. The point is well made again by Mr. Williams when he protests against what he calls the 'refusal to accept the creative capacities of life, a habit of thinking that the future has now to be determined by some ordinance of our own mind' and then goes on to say that 'we do this as conservatives trying to prolong old forms, we do this as socialists trying to prescribe the new man'.

The advantages of bureaucratic organization are obvious. Max Weber saw it as the perfect mechanism whereby a single will could be made effective through many separate agents. And the communist method of political organization known as democratic centralism has harnessed the same principles in the service of social change. But the benefits of such organizational methods are bought at a price. Ultimately effective and lasting organizations depend not merely upon the clarity of their organizational principles but on their capacity to give expression to newly felt needs, on the freedom of the laity to express itself and on the freedom of the creative minority to articulate the new meanings and purposes which appear. Once an institution or a society closes the channels of communication to the ordinary men and renders its intellectuals harmless by putting them to work justifying the *status quo*, the life has gone out of it and it is ultimately doomed to extinction. The test of life in an institution will be the extent to which its intellectuals are able to talk directly and listen directly not just to the officeholders but to the ordinary men and women whose needs it purports to serve.

Privileged Educational System

I have spoken primarily about the life-cycle of individual institutions. But the same problem exists if we look at total societies. There is a tendency in every society for the way of life of a privileged stratum to masquerade as the culture of the society, for its educational system to become more and more concerned with perpetuating that way of life, for techniques to be worked out to exclude the cultural participation of the masses, and for the intellectuals to concentrate on the learning of ritualistic academic formulae. For myself, I believe that all these things are in large measure true of contemporary British society. Our educational system is still riddled with class privilege; it fails to adapt its curricula to the needs of a new age, and the only channels of communication open are those of mass media usually better fitted to the purposes of manipulation than to any genuine interchange of feeling and meaning and ideas. If I am right about this, we are living with a dying culture whose life can be saved only in so far as its intellectuals are willing to look beyond the walls of their closed academies and to relate their thinking to the aspirations of ordinary men and women.



A crew of R.A.F. Bomber Command entering their aircraft for a moonlight raid over Germany in May 1941

Imperial War Museum

Emotion, Science, and the Bomber Offensive

By R. V. JONES

THE official history of the strategic bombing offensive has revived for many of us memories of the failures, controversies, and successes of that campaign. I shall not review here the painstaking and courageous work of the authors of the official history*. Instead, I shall discuss events of which I had direct personal experience, in the hope that I can throw light on some of the more puzzling aspects of the campaign. What I say inevitably reflects my own interests, which were primarily concerned with Intelligence and with radio and tactical counter-measures; but I was present when some of the most important decisions were made, and I believe that, while these should have been taken on purely rational arguments, they were sometimes strongly influenced by emotional forces.

To start with, it was emotion that largely determined our pre-war attitude to bombing, because it was widely felt in our universities and elsewhere that Britain should never plan to attack another country. Indeed, there was even a feeling that there might be something immoral about defending ourselves if attacked; and there was the half-informed opinion (epitomized in Baldwin's statement that the bomber would always get through) which considered that defence was not much good anyway. This supine attitude was finally upset by the aggressive acts of Nazi Germany. The subsequent national concern created the atmosphere in which scientists, led by Sir Henry Tizard, joined the officers of the Royal Air Force in working urgently together towards the joint

solution of our air defence problem. The result was our success in the Battle of Britain.

It had required something as direct as the threat of Nazi Germany to bring scientists and serving officers together, and even then the co-operation was limited mainly to defence. Some corresponding efforts were made in the offensive field, but these did not succeed, for four reasons. First, the defence problem was much the more urgent; secondly, the Treasury would not even authorize some of the scientific posts required for defensive work, and so there was no scientific effort to spare for the offensive; thirdly, the Royal Air Force had not realized its shortcomings in navigation, and the officers concerned saw no need to consult the scientists; and, fourthly, offensive thinking was morally repugnant to most of us, so, while some scientists were at least anxious to help with defence, few would willingly work to aid a potential offensive.

Some critics have made play with a contrast between the British and German pre-war bombing policies, in which they paint us as inhumanely planning for widespread bombing while the Germans, they say, were intending to bomb purely in support of army operations. It may well be true that the German bomber force was primarily intended to operate by day in support of the German army, but it is also true that in 1940 it was the only bomber force in the world that had realized the need for fully developed radio aids for bombing through cloud or at night.

* *The Strategic Air Offensive against Germany 1939-45, Vols. I-IV*, by Sir Charles Webster and Noble Frankland (H.M.S.O., 42s. each): a review of it by Professor Jones appeared in *THE LISTENER* of October 5

Every bomber in the German air force was equipped with a long-range radio beam receiver which enabled it to drop bombs on an unseen target with a probable error of less than half a mile at 200 miles' range. And some specialist units could do a good deal better.

What the 'Blitz' Taught Us

Defeat in the Battle of Britain forced the Germans to pin their hopes on the night 'blitz'. This attack on towns, scarcely conceived as close support for the German army, showed that the enemy had given a good deal more thought to the offensive use of scientific aids than we had. Technically, the blitz taught us two things: first, that devastating attacks on towns could be made at night by bombers using radio aids such as the beams, and, secondly, that—apart from passive defence by jamming the beams—an active defence against bombers could be successful only if the defending night fighters were themselves guided by radar to find the bombers.

At the end of 1940, it was still believed officially that we were successfully bombing small targets in Germany without radio aids, but it gradually became clear that we were failing. This failure at last brought serving officers and scientists together to think about bombing, and their thoughts jointly turned towards copying the Germans and developing radio aids of our own. By 1941 Britain was committed to a night-bombing offensive against Germany as a major instrument of war; and indeed when we stood alone it was far from obvious that there was any other way in which we might hope to win the war, at least until German war potential had been partly knocked out.

At this stage, early in 1941, Air Marshal Medhurst, who had just been appointed Assistant Chief of Air Staff, sent for me and said: 'We shall need to know everything we can about the German night defences. I think that we need a scientific mind to study them. I know what you were able to do about the beams—would you be prepared to take the whole responsibility for finding out how the German defences work?' Naturally I said that I would, and added that I had in fact started on this problem at the beginning of the war by trying to discover the characteristics of German radar. As a result, we already knew a good deal about their long-range warning system. From the experience of Fighter Command in the blitz I knew that the German defences would have to come to depend on radar-controlled night-fighters if they were to succeed, and so I decided that German radar was the key point against which to concentrate our Intelligence attack.

I would in passing pay this tribute to Sir Charles Medhurst. Long before Bomber Command realized the magnitude of the threat, he made arrangements to assess it, and he gave us the fullest support right through the heat of the investigation. I hope that this will give the lie to one critic who said that the Air Staff was blind to the threat of the German night-fighters. Whoever else may have been blind, the Air Staff certainly was not.

Knocking Out the German Radar System

The German radar system proved to be the key; and in its investigation the Belgian patriots were outstanding. One of them succeeded in removing the deployment map belonging to the headquarters of a night-fighter control sector, giving the positions of all radar stations, searchlights, radio beacons, and plotting stations in the whole of northern Belgium. Photographic aircraft promptly flew out to cover the positions, and in parallel with all this the Parachute Regiment carried out the celebrated raid on the radar station at Bruneval. Once we understood the technical points of the radar equipment we could see how it was used tactically, and this led us to understand the way in which the whole defence system was coming to be organized and operated. I have mentioned this Intelligence attack particularly, because it has been substantially overlooked in the Official History. It was planned with intense deliberation and executed with high gallantry.

While all this was being done on the Intelligence side, bomber operations were being subjected to scientific analysis by operational research, and the development of radio aids and pathfinding techniques was proceeding. In the philosophy of bombing, Lord Cherwell played a most important part. For long he had argued

that if you could halve the error in your aiming this was as good as doubling the size of your bomber force, because you could drop twice as many bombs within destructive range of your targets. And when the Telecommunications Research Establishment produced an equipment known as H₂S, which was in effect a long-range radar mapping device that could also be used as a bombsight at night, he became its enthusiastic champion.

Common sense would have dictated that this equipment, which happened also to be our best U-boat detector, should have been saved for Coastal Command; but in my experience such decisions, which called above all for common sense, were rarely taken on purely rational grounds. Emotion played a large and not always predictable part. In this particular instance, I think that Lord Cherwell had become so emotionally committed to the idea of using H₂S as a bombsight that he could not bring himself to see the relative claims of Bomber and Coastal Commands in proper perspective. Before criticizing him unduly for this, we must remember that emotion figures heavily in many important decisions. Even the decision to bomb the civil population in Germany had both a rational and an emotional basis. The rational argument was that since we had discovered that our bomber force in 1941 was a bludgeon and not a rapier, we must use it against targets matched to its inaccuracy, if we used it at all; and since it was the only weapon we had, we must use it. The emotional argument was expressed by Mr. Churchill in July 1941 when he said:

If tonight the people of London were asked to cast their vote whether a convention should be entered into to stop the bombing of all cities, the overwhelming majority would cry 'No, we will mete out to the Germans the measure, and more than the measure, that they have meted out to us'.

Arguments about Area Bombing

Against this wave of emotion, those who opposed bombing German towns would probably have been almost powerless even if their arguments had been much stronger than they were. A good deal has been said on this subject in the last twelve months. Professor Blackett and Sir Charles Snow have drawn attention to the 1942 arguments between Lord Cherwell and Sir Henry Tizard about area bombing. For myself, I think that Tizard's viewpoint was the more rational; but both the Official History and Lord Birkenhead's biography of Cherwell show that the difference between the two men was one of emphasis rather than principle.

I saw another instance of the danger of emotion in the many discussions we had about the prospective use of the device known as 'Window', the aluminium foil strips to be dropped by our bombers in order to confuse German radar. Some of the authorities responsible for British radar were opposed to Bomber Command using this device; they argued that if we gave the idea to the Germans they would use it against us. In vain did we on the Air Staff argue back that in a 'Window' war the Germans stood to lose far more than we did, because our bomber force was much larger than theirs. Even after Intelligence had proved in December 1942 that the idea of 'Window' was known in Germany, and therefore that if the Germans were refraining from using it, this was because they believed that they stood to lose by it, the opposition continued to argue successfully against us until July 1943. Even then, the use of 'Window' might have been further postponed had not the opposition overstated their numerical arguments so blatantly. Fighter Command claimed to have calculated that we should have to drop at least 100 tons of aluminium foil on each raid to upset German radar, but that the Germans would have to drop only one ton to upset ours. This and other overstatements proved the undoing of those who were anti-'Window', and I can vividly remember my relief when, after sixteen months of argument, I heard Mr. Churchill say 'Open the Window'. We learnt after the war that we in Intelligence had been completely right in our diagnosis. Actually, the fundamental opposition to our own use of 'Window' was not based on disinterested rational grounds. It arose because—like the Colonel on the River Kwai—some of our own authorities most closely associated with radar could hardly bring themselves to face a counter-measure that might greatly reduce the effectiveness of the system they had built up, and they were at least subconsciously trying to postpone an evil day.

Later, when it was becoming clear to us that the prodigal use of radio and radar transmissions from our bombers was resulting in their destruction, we again had to fight entirely irrational beliefs that these transmissions were harmless, much as at the present day it is difficult to persuade a smoker that he is running the danger of lung cancer. Our German opponents still cannot understand how we were so foolish. The facts were that an entirely baseless belief had sprung up in 1941 among our bomber crews that the switching on of the I.F.F. radar identification sets in our bombers jammed the radio control of German searchlights. It was a matter of the simplest logic to show that either the effect was unreal, or that if it were real it meant that the Germans had a new means of detecting our bombers. I much regret that some who called themselves scientists acquiesced in the argument of some serving officers, who said that even if the effect were unreal, it was better to let the bomber crews believe in it, because it meant that they would continue into the attack of a defended target when otherwise their courage might fail them. Although it is not mentioned in the Official History, this refusal to face the facts was one of the main causes of the disasters of early 1944, when Bomber Command suffered terrible casualties at a time when, thanks to 'Window', these should have been minimal. The immunity bestowed by 'Window' was destroyed by the fact that many of our bombers could be much more easily located by the transmissions from their own radio and radar devices than they could be by the German radar, even had it been unimpeded by 'Window'. Apart from geography, this folly, more than any other single factor, cost us the Battle of Berlin.

It was only after Intelligence had produced the most conclusive proof of what was going on that Bomber Command was persuaded to keep its transmissions to an absolute minimum. From that time onwards, and thanks also to the fact that the Germans lost their early warning radar system in France and Belgium, Bomber Command was able to operate with increasing success.

As for passing judgment on the overall success and justification of the bombing offensive against Germany, I would be far more cautious than some who have concluded that it was a failure. In fact, they may have allowed their emotional revulsion from bombing to persuade them to accept too easily any evidence that the campaign was a failure, perhaps in the hope of establishing as doctrine the idea that bombing civilian populations does not pay. Unfortunately, even if this conclusion were valid for the last war, it is unlikely to be true for the next. My own limited study of the effects of our raids suggests to me that at least some of our successes were much underrated by the post-war bombing surveys. It is one thing to assess the physical damage caused by a particular raid; it is another to trace its consequences upon the plans of the enemy, and upon the morale of your own people.

Apart from the historical record for its own sake, there is little point now in asking whether we should not have done more effective damage and whether we should have lost fewer of our air crews. Personally, I think that the answer to each of these questions is 'Yes!', but the value of history lies not in recrimination but in drawing the lessons of experience. For me, one main lesson was that serving officers and scientists should have come together much earlier; we might then have been able to develop precision methods of bombing in time to avoid the indiscriminate attacks on towns. The other main lesson was that courage and science were not enough, either in the taking of decisions or in the execution of operations. I believe that the Royal Air Force under Lord Portal was as objective an Armed Service as we have yet seen, and yet strong undercurrents of emotion influenced many of our critical decisions, and coloured many of our assessments. Fortunately the enemy had his own emotional obsessions too. The persisting lesson is that, even when we try to be objective and detached, emotion and self-interest frequently enter into our decisions, be they political, military, or scientific. And we must constantly be on guard against these dangers.—*Third Programme*

Letter from the Front Line

In dusk and white November
The trees the gun-blasts tatter
Like wreathed chevaux de frise
Beneath the snow dismember
Whom coils of wire close-fetter
And age is on the trees
But my heart stirs with sap of spring
The budding branch the burgeoning
Love's flowery primaries

November dusk and white
The choir of screaming metal
And earth to air exhales
Doomed scent of dying petal
To Madeleine I write
Love's daily chronicles

The snow lays flowers on all the trees
The Dannert wears an ermine cloak
The grim chevaux de frise
The silent wires
The rampart of the ramping destriers
Bringing my love Belov'd their squadrons flock
With strength that I inspire
In gay and gallivanting black and white
And O my dove my panther Roselys star
They bring you my delight
Like sea-horses in flight
On waves along the Mediterranean shore

Your love now means delight
For if at night
I dream of your eyes I dream of crystal fountains
The thought of your lips in a vision of roses ends

If I dream of your breasts the Paraclete descends
His dove upon their mountains
And on my poet's tongue confusion sends
And O my love
I see your face a radiance of flowers—
No panther's fierceness, all the grace of flowers—
And breath your fragrance like the breath of flowers
For like a song of love
The lily in your lyric beauty towers
My words wing to your breast
And there close-bosomed hold me in your East

Where turning into palms the lilies wave invite
And then at night
The star-shell's calyx opens blossoms grows
And makes its petalled fall
As slowly as a stream of love's tears flows
And my desire and yours live on reciprocal

Translated by RONALD LEWIN
from GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE'S 'Chevaux de frise'

Winter

Looking beyond the limits of the day
I saw stretching beyond me only winter
Barred with bare trees and savage as a tiger,
Winter in weather, winter in the heart.

The grey, low cloud, frost's salt on track and furrow,
The savour of the season. Yet compassion
Is what remains, beyond all hope, all reason,
Snow without taste, yet with the scent of flowers.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

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GROUP PENSIONS are briefly introduced, clearly explained and factually discussed in the Society's new publication 'Pensions and Retirement Benefits'. This booklet, which is issued as a guide for employers who may be considering the installation of a scheme to provide pensions or other retirement benefits for some or all of their employees, is available on request from



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Legal Analogy

By C. F. TAPPER

PERHAPS the most obvious use of legal argument is by counsel in presenting a case in court. Yet there are many other uses, by solicitors in advising clients, by counsel in writing opinions, by judges in giving judgment, and by academic lawyers in writing articles for learned journals. The pattern of all these is the same, and it is this which I am going to examine here.

Purpose of the Courts

The fundamental purpose of courts is to settle disputes which occur in society so that the life of the society may run more smoothly. This can only happen if the courts decide disputes in a way which is generally acceptable to the majority of the people in the society. One thing which makes legal decisions acceptable is that they should be consistent with each other so as to be predictable. Rules of law have been developed which all the judges accept and which help them to be consistent in the remedies they give.

As time passes and civilization develops, new situations occur and give rise to new disputes. These are referred to the courts because it is their job to settle disputes. The courts could settle new disputes quite consistently by refusing to extend the existing rules to cover the new situations and so letting the damage lie where it fell. Suppose that there was a rule that the owner of cattle was liable for damage that they caused by straying on to neighbouring land. Then, after industrialization had taken place, someone built a reservoir from which water seeped into neighbouring mine workings and damaged them. This would be a new situation. The court could say that the existing rule did not mention reservoirs, that it could not be extended to cover them, and that the mine owner had no remedy. But here the court would encounter another requirement to be observed if their decision were to be generally acceptable. Decisions must not only be consistent in the sense of being predictable, they must also be just. And in this case people might not think it just that the reservoir builder should escape and the cattle owner be held liable. So the court would be likely to extend the remedy, although the rule referred in terms to cattle owners, and its framers lived long before there were reservoirs or coal mines. This extension is an interesting phenomenon and prompts three allied questions. When can you do it? How is it done? And where do you stop?

It 'All Depends'

Unfortunately, there is no simple formula for deciding when a remedy can be extended in this way. As so often in the law, the only answer to the question is that it 'all depends'. One thing upon which it depends is the sort of rule involved. It is easy to assume that all rules of law impose liability for wrongful conduct like the rule in the illustration. But this is not so. The law has to do a most complicated job and needs many other different sorts of rules. It needs rules setting out excuses for *prima facie* wrongful conduct, rules telling people how to achieve the legal results that they desire, rules regulating the procedure to be followed in settling disputes, and these are only a few. No generalization will be completely true of all. Nevertheless lawyers do approach rules with certain presuppositions depending upon the source of the rule. To identify these presuppositions it is helpful to look at the language which lawyers use in handling their rules. The two main sources of legal rules are statutes, including rules made under them, and cases. There is a completely different terminology for each. For example, statutes are 'interpreted' but cases are not; while, on the other hand, cases are 'distinguished' but statutes are not. This indicates a presupposition that cases may be extended while statutes should not be. There are numerous reasons for this. One is that statutes

have an authoritative wording whereas cases have not. And this is particularly true of important cases in appellate courts, with the result that the rule of law may be generalized from the judgments in a case in many different forms. Another reason is that statutes usually derogate from the common law; if they did not there would have been no need to have passed them, and lawyers are always anxious to retain as much of the common law as possible. Cases, by contrast, are examples of the application of the common law and so there is little anxiety to confine them.

Granted that case law is more likely to be extended than statute law, the next task is to see how extension takes place. First, I must be careful to distinguish between two different though similar operations, the extension of a remedy by analogy with an existing rule, and by a new application of an existing rule. Once again it is helpful in detecting this distinction to look at the language which lawyers use. When a lawyer is arguing for a remedy to be extended by way of analogy with a rule laid down in an early case, he says that the cases are the same, or that they are on all fours with each other. The same terminology is used by judges, who may grant a remedy either on the basis that the decision in the earlier case precisely covers the case before them, or that although it is not exactly the same a remedy should still be given.

The Smacked Child

It may be objected that no two cases can be the same, and that if they were, the *res judicata* rule would operate to bar recovery twice for the same wrong. This is true and it must be conceded that no two cases can be identical. But they can still be the same. For example, suppose that there is a naughty but intelligent child prone to throw its food about at the table. Its father says: 'If you throw your food about today I'll smack you'. The child, being naughty, then promptly throws down its glass of milk. When its father prepares to smack it, the child, being also intelligent, says: 'But you only told me not to throw my food about, and milk's not food'. This is unlikely to prove a successful argument. The father will say: 'It's the same thing', and carry on with the smacking. Clearly food and drink are not identical, but for the father's purposes in this situation they are to be treated as if they were; and this is so obvious that they are said to be not merely like each other but the same. This is exactly the position with cases; sometimes they are so much alike that for the purpose of giving a remedy they are said to be the same. It is only when they are not the same in this sense that the lawyer is compelled to talk in terms of analogy. So it becomes plain that in this context analogy is used not to assert similarity but to recognize difference.

This distinction between cases that are analogous and cases that are the same is most important in considering the exact working of the doctrine of precedent in English Law. The doctrine of precedent incorporates two distinct stages. First, it is necessary to discover the *ratio decidendi* of the earlier case; that is, the rule of law which determined the decision. The width of this rule depends on the level at which the facts of the earlier case are abstracted. Unfortunately this level is usually fixed inarticulately. The result is that one cannot certainly predict the rule that an earlier case will be quoted for. In practice the courts hover uneasily between accepting the level of abstraction expressed in the earlier case and fixing the level themselves. The second stage arises because the rule thus arrived at must be followed by subsequent lower courts. Controversy occurs in deciding the exact scope of the obligation to follow.

At this point the distinction between cases that are analogous and those that are merely the same is helpful. Its use can reconcile and clarify the most apparently contradictory and meaningless

statements on the scope of the obligation to follow. For example, in a famous case in 1901 Lord Halsbury said:

'A case is only authority for what it actually decides. I entirely deny that it can be quoted for a proposition that may seem to flow logically from it'.

Here his lordship was not tritely reaffirming the *res judicata* doctrine: he was emphasizing that a court is only obliged to follow an earlier case when it is the same. In his second sentence he is saying that this is not so when the later case is analogous. Other considerations apply in that event. This year Lord Reid said:

'Decisions are always authorities for other cases which are reasonably analogous and are not properly distinguishable'.

Lord Reid is not contradicting Lord Halsbury since the emphasis here is upon analogous cases. When the cases are analogous there is no obligation to follow. Whether a court chooses to follow or not depends upon whether the decision to do so can be justified as reasonable and proper.

This brings me to the third question which was 'where do you stop?' The usual answer to this, that given by Lord Reid for example, is that you stop when you can distinguish the later case from the earlier. But for the sake of completeness one must add 'and as a result decide to treat the later case differently'. It is important to see just what is being done. Suppose counsel has pressed a claim that the instant case is analogous to an earlier and that it should be treated in the same way. When the court distinguishes the earlier case it is not denying that the cases are analogous; what it is denying is that analogy should be decisive of the result. There is no mechanical way to decide whether to extend a remedy by analogy or not. The decision depends on what may, for the time being, be called policy considerations; that is, where the court has to make a value judgment. But this is not true of new applications of a rule. When the rule was expressed in a case that is in the lawyer's terminology the same, the process is mechanical and the court has to ignore policy considerations.

Distinction without a Difference

The interaction of policy considerations and factual differences between the instant case and an earlier may result in one of several different situations. One such situation is where the factual differences between the cases are so trifling that no difference in result could even be contemplated. In this situation the lawyer says: 'This is the same case'. It is sometimes suggested that facts are so variable that this situation is rare. But while this may be true of cases which reach the law reports, and even of the larger number which reach the courts but are not reported, it is not true of the vast majority of legal disputes. These go no further than the solicitor's office just because they are precisely covered by a rule laid down in an indistinguishable case. Another possible situation is where there are important differences between the facts which could be decisive if policy considerations hinged upon them, but where no such considerations exist. Here the lawyer says that there is a distinction without a difference and accordingly the result of the earlier case is imitated. A similar situation arises where it is just the same as in the previous example except that there are policy considerations to take the instant case out of the ambit of the earlier. Sometimes these extra considerations merely reinforce the need to imitate the result in the earlier case. When this happens the lawyer says that the later case is *a fortiori*; that is, that there are even stronger reasons for doing as was done before. Then, finally, there is the situation where the extra considerations militate against following the decision in the earlier case. Here the case may be distinguished and a different result reached. It is noteworthy that the decision not to follow an earlier case is always a matter of choice exercised on policy grounds but the decision to follow is sometimes constrained despite considerations of policy.

I must examine these policy considerations a little more closely. So far they have been left conveniently vague. It has been convenient because these considerations are so diverse, but some of the more common approaches can be isolated. There is, first, what may be called a backward-looking policy approach. This is where the lawyer adopts the policy which he thinks the judges in the earlier case would have adopted, had they been confronted with the facts of the instant case. This is gleaned partly from the

reasons that the judges in the earlier case actually gave for their decision and partly from what is implicit in their abstraction of the facts before them. Where the lawyer accepts the earlier court's abstraction in deciding upon the rule embodied in its decision, he is likely to adopt this backward-looking approach to policy questions.

Next there is policy in its most usual sense, meaning the lawyer's assessment of the merits of the case before him as between the parties to it. Here he is concerned to decide whether it is right to extend the remedy. This involves making a moral judgment; and it may be made either on the basis of the lawyer's own moral code or perhaps on what he conceives to be current standards.

Forward-looking Approach

The lawyer has also to consider the possible effect of a decision on others in the future. This can be called a forward-looking policy approach. This approach is likely to be made much more openly in the United States than in this country. There, about thirty years ago, Louis Brandeis precipitated a revolution in the presentation of cases. The Brandeis brief, as it has become known, is typically argument based upon an explicit, and often statistical, examination of the likely effects of a particular decision. Our law still awaits its Brandeis, with the result that when a lawyer makes such an approach here, he makes it dogmatically and unsupported by reliable evidence. Nevertheless such an approach to policy is frequently made here. In the case of *Candler v. Crane, Christmas & Co.* it was adopted by progressives and timorous souls alike. A self-acclaimed timorous soul, Lord Justice Asquith, constructed the purely hypothetical situation of a cartographer whose negligence had caused a ship to sink, and said:

'Is the unfortunate cartographer to be liable to her owners in negligence for some millions of pounds damages? If so, people will, in future, think twice before making maps. Cartography would become an ultra-hazardous occupation. Yet what line can be drawn between the map maker and the defendant in the present case?'

There could be no clearer example of the use of the implications of a decision to justify arriving at it.

These are a few of the wide range of approaches to policy open to the lawyer in deciding whether to extend a rule by analogy or not. But some approaches are excluded. For example, there can be no overt reliance on party political policy. Even in so political a matter as the recent Wedgwood Benn case neither side could argue that their view was to be adopted as reflecting government or opposition policy.

When Argument Becomes Mechanical

Occasionally policy cannot be considered at all. This happens when the legal rule embodies a formal legal category; and when it does the argument becomes completely mechanical. Formal legal categories represent the result of a hardening of policy considerations into a rigid rule of law. For example, there is a rule that infants are not as strictly liable on some of their contracts as adults. No doubt this rule was developed to safeguard the inexperienced and immature. But once twenty-one became fixed as the age of majority for this purpose, argument by analogy and consideration of policy became impossible. Those under twenty-one were automatically treated as infants, however mature and experienced; while those over twenty-one were not, however immature and inexperienced they might be.

Our system of case law has to pick its way carefully between the obverse dangers of doing injustice and becoming unpredictable. It can only do this when rigid legal categories do not encroach on to the proper field of analogy; and when cases, truly the same in the special lawyer's sense, are not distinguished on policy grounds. The injustice of the law relating to confessions illustrates the first danger, the jungle of the law of larceny the second.—*Third Programme*

The second number of the television quarterly *Contrast*, published by the British Film Institute at 3s. 6d., includes: 'Worm in the Bud', by John Bowen; 'Which Way for Hancock?', by Derek Hill; 'Think-Tape', by Philip Purser; 'The Tired American', by Jeanne Sakol; 'The Wild Man of Manchester', by David Robinson.

The Lady of Nohant

By ROBERT BALDICK

IN a letter to Turgenev in 1876, describing George Sand's funeral at Nohant, Gustave Flaubert wrote: 'I cried my eyes out, not once but on two separate occasions: the first when I kissed her grand-daughter, little Aurore (whose eyes looked so like hers that it was as though she had risen from the grave), the second when the coffin was carried past me . . .'

'Little Aurore', later Madame Aurore Lauth-Sand, died at Nohant a few weeks ago, at the age of ninety-five. She had devoted her energies throughout her adult life to preserving and advancing her grandmother's fame, and those who met her, as I had the honour of doing three years ago, will remember the fervour and charm with which she recalled the last years of *la bonne dame de Nohant*. But now that this last living link with the Romantic novelist has disappeared, George Sand is left with nothing to defend her against oblivion but a museum, a legend, and her works.

The museum, the Château de Nohant, is wonderfully evocative of George Sand, not only because of the relics it contains of her life there from childhood to old age but also because of its rural setting which she described so often in her books. Yet the house at Nohant can speak to only a limited public, those who go to see it, and then only in so far as they are familiar with George Sand's life and work.

The legend, on the other hand, has enormous currency, and for every visitor to Nohant there must be thousands who have heard of George Sand, have never read a word of her writings, but have a vague impression of an insatiable nymphomaniac who betrayed Musset, destroyed Chopin, and changed her philosophy and politics to suit the views of each successive lover. Like most legends, this one is inaccurate in almost every respect. To begin with, George Sand was not the sensual harpy she is supposed to have been. A woman for whom physical love was the be-all and end-all of life could not have subordinated it, as George Sand always did, to her work; and could not have written, as she did, that what she was looking for was 'a sort of love which would be bearable for the senses and intoxicating for the soul'. Although she was reputed to be the most promiscuous of women, she longed for the certainty and stability of a single, faithful love, and she once declared, in a letter which may raise a smile but which was none the less sincere: 'I have always believed above all else in fidelity,

I have preached it, I have practised it, I have demanded it. Others have failed to live up to it and I too. And yet I have never felt remorse, because in my infidelities I have suffered a sort of fatality, an instinctive idealism which impelled me to abandon the imperfect for what seemed to me to be closer to perfection'.

The proof of her sincerity is that when she thought that she had found something approaching perfection in a man, she lived with him for years in a placid bourgeois relationship, caring for him with a love which was more that of a mother than a mistress: for eight years with Chopin, until he left her after a stupid quarrel; for fifteen years with the artist Manceau, until his death from tuberculosis. The partisans of Musset and Chopin will probably always regard her as a kind of ghastly vampire; but in the case of Musset, responsibility for the Venetian fiasco seems to have been as much his as hers, and neither blamed the other in after-years; while in the case of Chopin, there can be little doubt that, with her unromantic motherly care for him, George Sand prolonged his life for several years. As for the charge that she changed her religion and politics with every lover, that is patent nonsense: she remained impervious to Musset's sceptical views and Chopin's aristocratic prejudices, while the man whose opinions she adopted wholeheartedly and preached for some thirty years, the philosopher Pierre Leroux, was never her lover.

This tawdry legend is not only absurdly inaccurate: it is also unjust in its emphasis on the private life of a woman who, just as much as a Voltaire or a Hugo, was a fierce defender of the poor and the oppressed. And not only in print, though she pleaded the case of peasant and craftsman in countless books. She, like Voltaire, had her Calas case: the now forgotten Fanchette affair, in which she campaigned for an inquiry into the case of a simple-minded girl whom the nuns of La Châtre had tried to get rid of in the open country; an affair in which she finally saw justice done. After the Revolution of 1848, she threw herself into the work of establishing the Second Republic, writing a whole series of appeals to the people, from the optimistic *Lettre au peuple* to the notorious *Bulletin 16*, and bravely admitting authorship of that last, violent call to arms when the forces of reaction had triumphed and were reaping their revenge. And during the Second Empire, while Hugo perched on his rock in the Channel, thundering abuse at 'Napoleon the little', George Sand remained in France to perform a more womanly role of mercy, pleading the case of revolutionaries sentenced to imprisonment or death, and begging for an amnesty.

If we wish to know this George



George Sand in 1830, by Delacroix
Musée Carnavalet, Paris



George Sand's house at Nohant

Sand, and the other aspects of her personality which have also been obscured by her legend, our best guide is to be found not in any biography, still less in her enchanting but unreliable autobiography, but in her novels and tales. Here, in her books, we can follow her progress from youth to old age, from tempestuous individualism through humanitarian socialism to serene pantheism. These are the principal stages of her development, but we should beware of laying over-much emphasis on the chronology of her life and works. Tidy-minded critics who show her writing novels of passionate individualism after leaving her husband for a series of lovers in Paris; socialist novels while under the influence of Michel de Bourges and Pierre Leroux; and tales of country life as a consolation for the failure of the 1848 Revolution—such critics fail to realize that these elements—respect for the individual, concern for the lower classes, and awareness of Nature—are to be found to some degree in nearly all her writings. The basic sources of her inspiration, in fact, were, on the one hand, a profound love of nature, awakened during her first stay at Nohant and deepening over the years, and, on the other hand, a profound hatred of injustice, whether human or social, a hatred which probably owed its origins to her aristocratic grandmother's arrogant treatment of the girl's plebeian mother. Her ideas might develop, her interest might gradually extend from individual passions to age-old traditions, her fighting indignation might eventually cool down to a general benevolence, but the fundamental inspiration of her work would always remain the same.

Her first novel, for example, or rather the first novel which she published under the name of George Sand, *Indiana*, might appear to the casual reader to be simply the romantic tale of a sensitive, intelligent young woman turning from an uncomprehending husband to a cold-blooded lover and finally finding happiness with a strong, silent Englishman. But it was more than that. It was a passionate protest against the social conventions which bound a wife to her husband against her will, and an apologia for a heroine who, we are told, 'set up against the interests of society, raised to the level of principles, the straightforward ideas and simple laws of common sense and humanity'. On this point George Sand's opinion never changed. Towards the end of her life, for all that she now preached the virtues of monogamy, she still insisted in a letter to Flaubert that 'a union in which there is neither liberty nor reciprocity is an offence against the sanctity of nature'. What is more, she had long since extended this ideal of free association from the marriage context to the wider sphere of social and class relationships.

The first sign of this development came with the novel which succeeded *Indiana* in the same year of 1832, *Valentine*. This was the story of a country squire's wife who fell in love with a young peasant, and it was the first of many Sand novels in which the hero would be a peasant or a workman and the setting would be the Berry countryside.

As the years went by, the basic theme of love transcending the obstacles of convention and class was overlaid with new theories and doctrines: Lamennais' Christian socialism, Pierre Leroux's mysticism, Agricol Perdiguier's trade-unionism. But as George Sand's enthusiasm for these doctrines and their exponents cooled, and as she took an increasing interest in the people and scenery of the countryside around Nohant, so the old simple theme in the old familiar setting regained pride of place. The result was the succession of tales generally known as her rustic novels—*La Mare au diable*, *François le Champi*, and *La Petite Fadette*—which are probably her finest works. Certainly she wrote nothing to surpass them between 1850 and her death a quarter of a century later, although her memoirs contain some brilliant character-sketches of eminent and little-known figures, and the tales she wrote for her grandchildren have an enduring charm.

When she died in 1876, she was mourned as a great writer, one of the greatest of her time. Flaubert declared: 'She will

remain one of the splendours of France, and her glory will be unrivalled'. Dostoevsky called her 'a woman almost unique in the vigour of her mind and her genius, a name which has become historic, a name destined never to fall into oblivion'. Why, then, is she so little read today?

Two explanations are usually advanced for the neglect into which her books have fallen. The first is her facility. It is said that she wrote too much and too quickly, and her detractors are fond of telling how one night, working as usual from midnight until four o'clock, she finished a novel at one o'clock and promptly began writing another. It is true that she wrote with astonishing ease and fluency, and that her collected works fill over a hundred volumes. But facility is not in itself a vice any more than it is a virtue, and if George Sand was sometimes worried to see the pains which Flaubert took over his books, he for his part was occasionally disturbed at the ease with which she produced hers. What is more, when a scene called for careful documentation, she documented herself; and when an important problem of style presented itself, she grappled with it. One of the

most remarkable features of her novels of country life is, in fact, the speech of the peasants, which is neither literary French nor provincial patois but a cunningly devised half-way tongue which manages to be both intelligible and credible.

The other charge levelled at George Sand as a writer is that she was an idealist, that in her memoirs she shut her eyes to the unpleasant aspects of reality while in her novels she created characters of unbelievable innocence and charm. Nowadays a writer with no shocking revelations in his memoirs and no seedy characters in his novels has little chance of being appreciated. But George Sand stated explicitly in the opening page of *L'Histoire de ma vie* that she had no intention of creating any scandals or

settling any scores, and if her autobiography is not a confession, at least she does not pretend like Rousseau that it is. Similarly, she was perfectly conscious that the characters in most of her novels were idealized, and absolutely honest about it. 'The novel', she declared, 'need not necessarily be the representation of reality'. And in a report of a conversation she had had with Balzac she quoted herself as saying to the elder novelist: 'You aim at painting and do paint man as he is, but I am inclined to paint him as I wish he were, as I believe he ought to be'. As she explained to Flaubert: 'Life is not composed *entirely* of criminals and scoundrels. That rogues should be exhibited and condemned is right, is even moral, but we should be shown the other side of the medal as well, otherwise the simple-minded reader—who is the common-or-garden reader—will react against such books, and will grow depressed and fearful'.

I feel sure that this was her sincere conviction, but that, at the same time, the real reason for her idealism was not theoretical but instinctive. She was a born storyteller—I knew that long before her grand-daughter told me of the spell she used to cast over her listeners—and with her childlike optimism, her ingenuous faith in life, it was natural that her stories should be fairy-tales, her peasants good and kind, her endings happy. And we who at some time or other are all 'simple-minded readers' can find refreshment in her works.

That is why, whatever fate may overtake her more ambitious works, her memoirs and her country tales will live; as indeed they must if anything is to survive of the lady of Nohant but a shoddy legend and an empty house.—*Third Programme*

The first four numbers of the illustrated quarterly review, *X*, have just been issued in a handsomely bound volume (Barrie and Rockliff, 32s. 6d.). Contributors include George Barker, Samuel Beckett, David Gascoyne, Robert Graves, Hugh MacDiarmid, Frank Auerbach, and Oskar Kokoschka. The editors, David Wright and Patrick Swift, are to be congratulated on having launched and sustained, at a difficult time, a stimulating *avant-garde* review.



A contemporary drawing of George Sand

Round the Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

THE third John Moore's Liverpool Exhibition shows an admirable flexibility in its organization, a willingness to learn from previous experience in order to further its stated aims: 'to support and encourage living artists in this country, and to attract to Liverpool the best possible exhibition of new work': I omit the reference to 'particularly young and progressive (artists)' because I think the word 'young' irrelevant to the sort of prize-judgments which are the point of this kind of exhibition; neither artist nor exhibition gain status by such condescension. To a commendable degree this exhibition has succeeded in its aims, and I think those artists who deliberately refrained from competing have, in the event, miscalculated. Of course, they have every right to estimate the taste of the five-man selection committee and choose whether they want to be judged by the compromise standards which must inevitably ensue; they also and, perhaps rightly, suspect that the special requirements of presentation which their works demand (exhibition at ground level, for example) might not be forthcoming. But, judging by what is on the walls of the Walker Art Gallery (and some rumour of what has been rejected) their work would have been accepted on merit and would have enhanced the total impression of an alert and varied aesthetic situation.

Having said this, and reflecting with embarrassment that this is the only 'status' exhibition we have in the country, one must admit to doubts whether this biennial competition will be able to survive its own liberality. I do not mean there should be fewer kinds of painting, I mean fewer paintings: I do not mean fewer judges, I mean one judge. But again one must applaud what has been achieved this time: of the dozen or so established critics and scholars I spoke to, not one disagreed with the first prize in the open section being awarded to Henry Mundy's 'Cluster' and the first prize in the Junior section going to Peter Blake's 'Self Portrait with Badges': after that I would only have shuffled the prizes enough to include Allen Jones's 'Thinking about Women' and Gwyther Irwin's 'Bonanza' to the exclusion of one or two pictures which seemed to me to represent 'types' of work or past performance.

I make these remarks, not only because I think the event important but because the exhibition does in fact reflect the state of art in London to a degree which some will find disagreeable. Something over sixty per cent. of artists whose works were accepted, and all the prize-winners, have London addresses. I doubt, however, whether those who come 'down' or 'up' to London during the next month will find anything like so interesting or informative a cross-section of what is going on, or—which is more important—whether they will be able to relate London standards with what is going on in the rest of the world.

Robyn Denny, an artist whose earlier works may certainly be

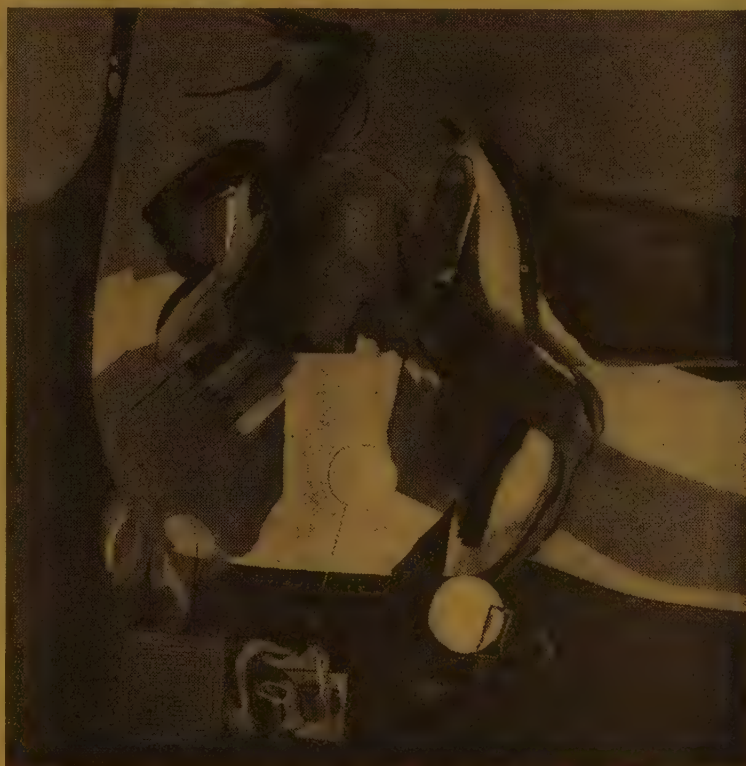
said to have shown to the full his seductive sensibility, is exhibiting his recent large, somewhat grave paintings at the Molton Gallery. It is reasonable to qualify appreciation of his intentions where his paintings do not altogether succeed in carrying them out, but it would be unreasonable to equate 'not quite' with 'not at all' or even with 'not every time'. It would be even more foolish

to complain that an artist of his potential and of his achievement should stick to painting things we already like. In fact, his earlier works show as much concern for formal values as they do for refined and entrancing surface textures and the elegance and dexterity of his application of paint—his natural 'touch', which is a gift of an informed sensibility, rare and to be cherished. It is also something to be toughened and extended, and if in the process it may have to be temporarily denied one must take the greater care, when looking at his pictures, not to try to substitute where he has decided to cancel. While I do not find that all these door-sized, canvas curtains are as complex or mysterious in their control of depth as their 'visual and physical clues' might suggest, I do find them impressive and sometimes satisfying.

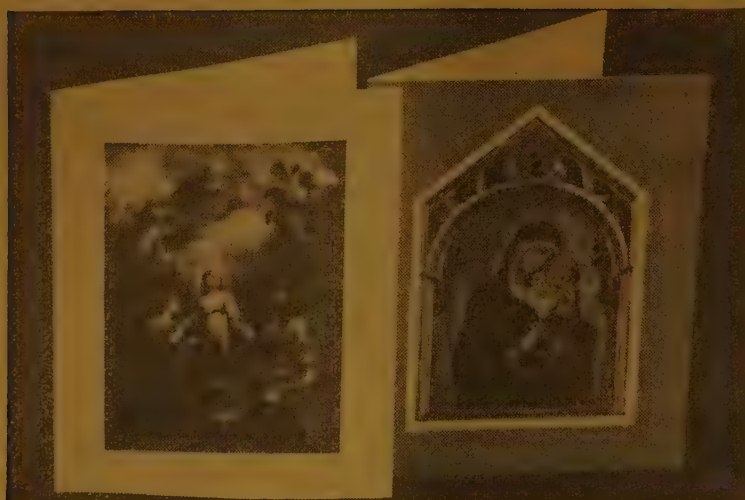
Another artist whose paintings, particularly his gouaches, might be said to convey a

sense of physical delicacy and aptness is Corneille, now showing at the Brook Street Gallery. Born in 1922 in Belgium of Dutch parents, he was involved in the post-war revival of northern European art, being a founder of the local Dutch Reflex group (1947) and of the Cobra Group, a joint Danish, Belgian, and Dutch enterprise which began in 1948. Since then he has left their somewhat violent and expressionist tendencies for a more evocative and reflective imagery without losing those implications of organic energy which are the mark of such an artist as Appel. I single out the gouaches because an artist's temperament is more vulnerable when it is expressed 'under the hand', as it were, rather than at arm's length on the easel, and Corneille's temperament is at once poetic and alert. His vertical landscape world is both private and open to exploration; his forms, as emotive as Bissier's, are webbed down without depriving them of freedom to grow into structures; his textures sustain and promote the widest range of associations while retaining their exact and individual calligraphic nature.

The Arts Council exhibition at 4, St. James's Square is a combined retrospective of the two Russians, Larionov and Goncharova. It holds many surprises and several delights for those of us who have vaguely associated them only with theatrical goings-on at the time of Diaghilev. From their enormous and ebullient outpourings in the early years of this century we can here discover works of individual power and originality. The Hazlitt Gallery exhibition of the work of Théodore Rousseau presents one of the leaders of the Barbizon School in the light of his 'plein air' studies.



'Thinking about Women' by Allen Jones: from John Moore's exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool



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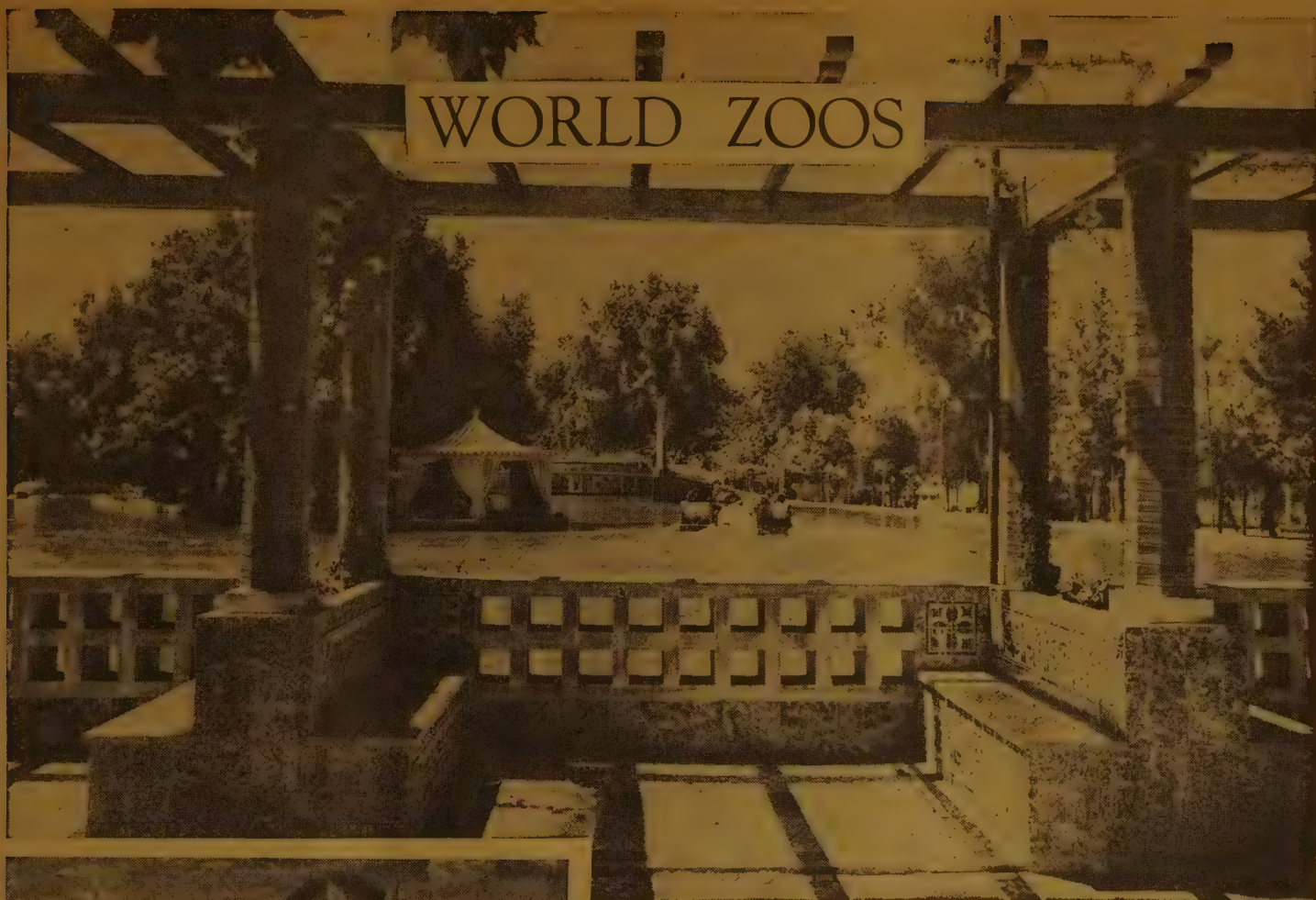
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Some of the zoos included in the current series on B.B.C. Television: *Above*, a view across the new ornamental lake in Lisbon Zoo, which is set in the garden of an old palace. It was the subject of a programme on November 15. *Left*: roe deer in Belgrade Zoo, seen on October 25



Visitors to Moscow Zoo watching the elephants. This zoo was televised on October 4

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Colonial Reckoning

Sir,—Miss Margery Perham's admirable second Reith Lecture (THE LISTENER, November 23), in drawing attention to the undoubted influence of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia on modern African nationalism, states that Ethiopia became 'a kind of Zion to all those Negroes who had first awoken to their subjection. They projected their emotions upon the far-away kingdom . . . The cult led to semi-religious manifestations called Ethiopianism'. This is rather misleading. The term 'Ethiopianism' was first used to describe the wave of African secessionist and independent churches in South Africa which began in 1892 and had its origins in white discrimination against African worshippers in more orthodox churches. The term 'Ethiopian' was first employed by the African secessionists themselves, who took it from the Authorized Version of the Bible, in which Africa and black men are usually called vaguely 'Ethiopia' and 'Ethiopians'. A favourite source was Psalm 68, verse 31: 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God', which in the eighteen-nineties and the first decade of the twentieth century in South Africa was widely interpreted by the militant, African break-away churchmen to mean that the black man should have a chance to show his power, first ecclesiastically and then politically.

It was in this sense that 'Ethiopian' proto-nationalist Africans were associated with the background of the 1906 Bambata Rebellion in South Africa (see J. Stuart, *History of the Zulu Rebellion*, London, 1913, page 128, n. 2); and it is to this 'Ethiopianism' that John Buchan in his 1910 novel of mythical, early African nationalism, *Prester John*, which draws heavily on this Zulu Rebellion, refers, especially in Chapter VII. The term 'Ethiopianism', then, is properly applied to early religio-political manifestations of African nationalism in South Africa—and, it should be added, in British Central Africa, too—from the eighteen-nineties to about the nineteen-twenties. If Ethiopia (Abyssinia) had any significance for this movement, it was indirect and largely through the pride which early African nationalists took in Menelik's defeat of the Italians at Adowa in 1896.

What Miss Perham appears to have in mind is such groups which arose after the Italian invasion of Ethiopia in the nineteen-thirties as the Ras Tafari movement of Jamaica: groups which aim at repatriating West Indian and American Negroes in Africa. But the 'Back-to-Africa' movements, a fantastically complicated tangle of African aspirations, historically speaking, are not part of the classical 'Ethiopianism' of early African nationalism.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 8

GEORGE SHEPPERSON

Sir,—It is impossible for me, a student from Nigeria, to discharge, within the scope of a letter, to the full my convictions upon this most controversial of modern subjects—African nationalism. If I could my aim would be neither to condemn Colonial Powers nor indeed to appraise African nationalism, but merely to present an impartial (in so far as impartiality is ever possible) appreciation of the facts of history. However, a few succinct remarks would not be out of place.

First, if I may quote Lord Altrincham, I believe that Africa is the 'mis-begotten child' of Western and European civilizations. Secondly, the basic assumptions and scale of values against which African achievement is measured seem to me to be entirely false.

Surely the one thing that has been denied Africa is that process which is the only impregnable guarantee of a nation's right to assert itself as a separate, viable and autonomous political institution firm against foreign intrusion, the process of political evolution. I believe that the present so-called African nationalism is an overt expression of the African's desire to assert his personality and his equality with the white man. This assertion is entirely

divorced from politics, and is only expressed through political and constitutional forms because they are the only common grounds upon which exchanges can be made. Political evolution is a process which cannot be by-passed. Africa today is no more politically developed than she was a century ago, in spite of any appearances to the contrary. When the African has achieved equality of personal status with the white man, then Africa will reverse its trends and go back a hundred years and take up, where it had left off, the process of political evolution in the context of its religious, tribal and social society.

Finally, the role of Colonial Powers in Africa can be summed up in the words of Sir Winston Churchill: 'The only guide to a man is his conscience; the only shield to his memory is the rectitude and sincerity of his actions'. With this shield the Colonial Powers (more so Britain) can defend themselves. Admittedly it may be battered beyond recognition at the edges, but it *will* hold firm in the centre.

Yours, etc.,

J. JONES

London, N.W.6

The Road Not Taken

Sir,—In his talk on Edward Thomas, Wilfred Owen, and Isaac Rosenberg—'The Road Not Taken' (THE LISTENER, November 23)—Mr. Hobsbaum invoked a pronouncement of Mr. Thom Gunn's—'vigour within the discipline of shape'—to indicate the special promise of his three poets. The implication is that Mr. Gunn shares his own high opinion of these poets: one would not praise Shakespeare by endorsing Rymer's views on drama. But is he aware that Mr. Gunn has referred to Owen in print as 'a wet'? (Mere infantile pertness? Or did Mr. Gunn have in mind the wetness of blood, with which he himself, playing in his little leather jacket with his sad toy captains, seems indeed to have carefully avoided all contact?) Better, in any case, to be wet with Owen than dry with Gunn.

If Mr. Hobsbaum felt the need of quotation to clinch his own admirable argument, could he not have enlisted a spokesman of greater taste and sympathy?

Yours, etc.,

JOHN BAYLEY

Oxford

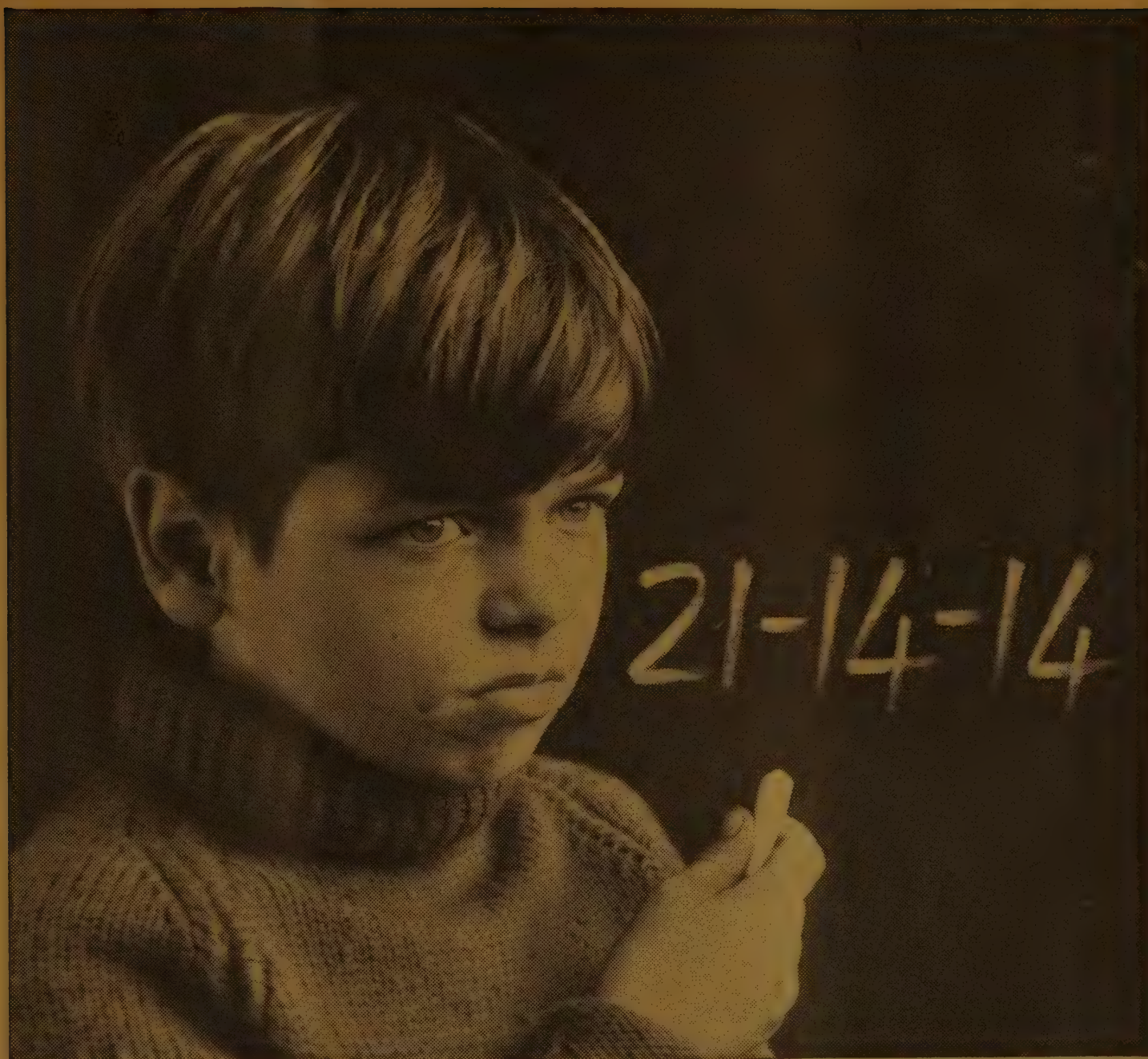
Children's Homework

Sir,—Let us not be lulled by the sweetly reasonable tone of Mrs. Jane R. Dobbin's words on children's homework (THE LISTENER, November 23). I suggest that if we could come fresh to the question we would reject homework for young people under, say, fifteen.

The average thirteen-year-old, either because he lives in the country or in a large town, must leave home soon after eight; he will return about five o'clock. He goes to bed, or ought to, much earlier than his teachers, and he has used a great deal of energy during the day.

Surely the two or three evening hours should be free from organized school work. What about neighbourhood life, village or family life? Or doing 'nothing'. In fact, it's just the children who are most burdened with prep. who are most likely to have interests of their own. Two cases I know personally: a boy, now at university reading music, much to his regret had to give up the violin due to pressure of homework in early grammar-school days; a family with relations on the Continent would like their daughter to learn German, but there just isn't time regularly available.

The usual pro-homework argument is that a child must learn to work on his own. Can this not be done during the day? What about a daily period, say 3.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., after a short break, for preparation and/or reading? If it can't be got in



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between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. it ought to be left out. In any case, how valuable is much of the homework handed in at present? All too often just good enough to avoid punishment, I suspect. A day's work ending at tea-time is considered enough for adults. How can we insist that the children start again in the evening?

Yours, etc.,

Windermere

D. L. B. HARTLEY

The Occult Underground

Sir,—Mr. John Wren-Lewis, in his talk in *THE LISTENER* of November 16, is pleased to treat of the work of Rudolf Steiner under the title 'The Occult Underground'. As the society which Dr. Steiner founded (the Anthroposophical Society) is a public society and his books and other writings are obtainable in most European languages, it is hard to imagine anything less related to the 'underground'. But perhaps this is Mr. Wren-Lewis's way of producing levity among working scientists.

It would, I opine, be difficult to distinguish in the modern age between orthodox and unorthodox scientific systems, but perhaps some of the 'unorthodox' sciences have also some of the healthy prejudice of which Mr. Wren-Lewis approves. When I am told that consciousness is psychic metabolism, or that Shakespeare is the result of mutations, or that colours are purely subjective experience—well, that is equivalent to 'jam in the centre of the earth'. I know of no orthodox scientific system which comes anywhere near accounting for the existence of Man. Yet Man is the most important fact which we know in the universe, and a scientific system which makes its start from this fact is well worth consideration.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1

A. C. HARWOOD

Sir,—In the broadcast on 'The Occult Underground' (*THE LISTENER*, November 16), there is reference to the 'Einsteinian concept of a fourth dimension'. Surely Einstein was concerned with the reality we know that is expressible in an algebra of three independent variables and time. When 'another school accepts the concept of a fourth dimension' it will be conceiving a sort of reality expressible in four independent variables and time. This seems non-sense to people now, just as for 200 years the concept of the square root of minus one seemed non-sense. But owing to the genius of Sir William Hamilton, and the insight given from a dream, this is now a very practical operator used widely in mathematics applied to very practicable ends. Are there any phenomena that are inexplicable on our knowledge of three-dimensional reality but explicable on a four-dimensional reality?

What are these new developments in science so that we now have 'mere provisional theories capable of being totally destroyed by some new observation?' I would like to know some of them. In my day what we called a scientific theory was something firmly based on experience and experiments. Such theories became modified in the light of new discoveries, but never 'totally destroyed'. The Daltonic indestructible atom theory is still useful in chemistry and physics in spite of our vastly changed knowledge about the nature of the atom. When ideas had not been adequately tested out we used to call them hypotheses, and many hypotheses undoubtedly became totally destroyed by some new observation.

Is the 'real role of religion to show men how they may actually know God in the experience of loving one another?' The founder of one religion when addressing great multitudes stated: 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple' (Luke xiv, 26). When science has shown that all forms of life are related, and so all forms should respect each other, and that kindness and loving are valued and important in the process of living, it seems to me that science has come near to a true function of religion.

To me it does not seem wise to distort the essence of science to find some reply to the occult, or to define religion without a careful study of original literature, or to discuss the occult without some appreciation of what a fourth dimensional reality could mean.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.7

J. GUILFOYLE WILLIAMS

Sir Roy Welensky

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. Reichardt makes the legitimate point that Sir Roy Welensky could put forward an intellectually defensible argument against democracy being a suitable form of government for Africa at its present phase of development. Mr. Nkrumah would appear to agree with him.

The reason why Sir Roy was torn to 'intellectual shreds' by his interviewers was because he was trying to pretend that his *Fuehrer-Prinzip* was a form of democracy. If President de Gaulle tried to do that he would appear as politically disingenuous as Sir Roy does.—Yours, etc.,

Twickenham

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

How to Make Better Cities

Sir,—In his review of *The City in History* (*THE LISTENER*, November 23), Mr. Ian Nairn says that cities should satisfy the variousness in people and be built in that spirit of love and tolerance which alone can harmonize the various effects of differing human desires. Quite right; but does this get us anywhere? I think Mr. Nairn is too tolerant about existing towns, which are becoming quite intolerable, in spite of their varieties. Obviously the solution is not primarily an architectural or town-planning one at all. It is far wider and deeper. Here we all are floundering wildly in the rough seas of moral philosophy without any notion of where to swim. Hence our ghastly confused environment.

I know, as Mr. Angus McGill remarks, that 'enthusiasm is social suicide', but that is better than physical suicide, which is what we seem to be expecting. Ideas work wonders in spite of the snobs. So may I shout a direction? This way for leisure where machines do the toiling. This way therefore for real, that is personal, freedom. This way to the land of Eric Gill where every town is beautiful in its variety because the hating, hateful rat-race is over and men realize that: 'Art is that work and that way of working in which man uses his free will. A civilization based upon the doctrine of free will naturally and inevitably produces artists. In such a civilization all men are artists and so there is no need to talk about it'.

When asked what he thought of contemporary American architecture, the late Frank Lloyd Wright declared: 'Too little love in it'. He meant no creative pleasure, no art, in it. How can there be in a sweating, anxious, competitive labour-camp where all men are forced to be enemies by a crazy, unworkable, all-dominating, puritanical, frustrating mystique of money? Sad, really.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

ERIC DE MARÉ

The Moral Doubts of Kant

Sir,—Professor Nowell-Smith has missed the point. I object to a wrong statement of Kant's views, not to the suggestion that Kant is wrong. Accurate presentation should precede criticism. He seems to agree with most of my interpretations of Kant (clearly he does not agree with those of Miss Loring), but his repeated expressions of disagreement with Kant's views are irrelevant.—Yours, etc.,

Hull

H. P. RICKMAN

Believers and Doubters

Sir,—May I refer to three points raised by Dr. Magnus Pyke in his friendly but occasionally misleading remarks about my book, *Towards a Third Culture*, in his 'Talking about Science' (*THE LISTENER*, November 16)?

(1) I do not doubt the facts of Darwinian evolution because of a dragon-fly or on any other ground. I suggest that whether Neo-Darwinian evolution theory can account for *all* the phenomena it embraces should be left an open question (page 30).

(2) 'He asks us to consider instead a notion of anthroposophy which claims that "mineral" and "vegetable" as well as "animal" possess consciousness and can also appreciate the dragon-fly'. This is a bit steep! Nowhere do I advance the preposterous notion that minerals and plants can 'appreciate the dragon-fly'.

(3) I emphasize repeatedly that the rise of modern science is a necessary development which should be understood, but not deplored.—Yours, etc.,

Lewes

CHARLES DAVY

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

November 22-28

Wednesday, November 22

The T.U.C. General Council says it is postponing its decision to join the Government's proposed National Economic Development Council because of the Prime Minister's statement that the 'pay pause' is to continue

Sir Grantley Adams, Prime Minister of the West Indian Federation, says that his Government was not consulted about the details of the Immigration Bill

Thursday, November 23

The Transport Commission agrees to give 'an early reply' to the renewed pay claim by three railway unions

The provision in the Kenya constitution banning anyone who has served a prison sentence of two years or more from standing for election to Legislature is to be removed

Friday, November 24

President de Gaulle arrives in England for weekend talks with Mr. Macmillan

The U.N. General Assembly votes, by 55 to 20 with 26 abstentions, that the use of nuclear weapons is a direct violation of its Charter

It is announced that the United States sold to Britain last week gold worth more than £100,000,000, the largest sale of American gold ever made to another country

Saturday, November 25

A joint statement at the end of talks between Mr. Khrushchev and President Kekkonen of Finland says that Russia has agreed to postpone military consultations under the Russo-Finnish defence agreement

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Sierra Leone

Sunday, November 26

President Kennedy announces a reorganization of the U.S. State Department including the removal of Mr. Chester Bowles from the post of Under Secretary of State to appointment as special adviser on African, Asian, and Latin American affairs

Monday, November 27

Mr. Edward Heath tells Commons that text of his speech to Common Market ministers is to be published as a White Paper because of reported 'leaks' overseas

Rules Revision Committee of E.T.U. decides that decisions on policy will in future be made by the annual delegate meeting

Tuesday, November 28

Licences granted to three independent airlines will end British European Airways' monopoly in 1963 over a number of domestic and European routes

The Geneva conference on the banning of nuclear tests reaches apparent deadlock over the latest Russian proposals

Two British journalists, one of whom is a B.B.C. correspondent, are expelled from Ghana



Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, photographed with President Kennedy at the White House, Washington, last week. A statement, made at the end of their talks on November 22, said that they were in agreement about the basic elements for settling the Berlin crisis by negotiation



Gayhurst Church, near Newport Pagnell, Buckinghamshire. This fine example of Georgian architecture is now in urgent need of repairs which it is estimated will cost £8,000. As the village contains only a few inhabitants it has been necessary to make a general appeal to raise the money. Mr. Osbert Lancaster is to broadcast on its behalf next Sunday

A. F. Kersting



President and Madame Macmillan (right) on the French President and his country home wife



Christmas illuminations



...e with the Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy ... of Birch Grove, Sussex, last Saturday. The ... ere spending the weekend at Mr. Macmillan's ... wo statesmen had informal discussions



A district commissioner distributing vitamin tablets among children of the Masai tribe in one of the famine-stricken areas of Kenya

Right: Mr. James Gichuru, chairman of the Kenya African National Union parliamentary group, shaking hands with Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, during his visit to Kenya last week. Sir Patrick Renison, Governor of Kenya, is next to Mr. Maudling



H.R.H. Princess Margaret with her son, Viscount Linley, born on November 3; he is to be named David Albert Charles: a photograph taken by Lord Snowdon



...rd Street, London, which were switched on last week. The Minister of Transport said ... ay that he thought of making Oxford Street into a one-way street



The 'Terrapin', one of three types of mobile home which have been erected on the South Bank for inspection by the Housing Committee. The Committee is considering whether to erect them on vacant sites as a temporary measure to help the homeless

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Christmas Books

From Birmingham to Munich

Neville Chamberlain. By Iain Macleod. Muller. 30s.

Reviewed by C. L. MOWAT

MR. MACLEOD has been attracted to the study of Neville Chamberlain by several parallels between Chamberlain's career and his own: Ministry of Health, the Conservative Research Department and (since the book was written) the Party chairmanship. He has produced a well-written and agreeable book, and one which, even allowing for the help he has received from Mr. Peter Goldman, would do credit to a professional scholar of much greater leisure. He deals justly with most of the leading events in Chamberlain's career. It is the more surprising that he has apparently failed to recognize the inherent difficulties in restoring Chamberlain's reputation.

The task has already been attempted, in Sir Keith Feiling's *Life of Neville Chamberlain* (1946). Both books quote generously from Chamberlain's letters and diaries, and both, in attempting a favourable portrait, provide evidence for a much harsher picture. Mr. Macleod's book, though much the shorter of the two, does succeed in giving a fuller, warmer and more rounded impression of Chamberlain as a man: even the family photographs he uses lack the severity of those in the earlier *Life*. But even this cannot make him lovable outside his own family. Chamberlain was no Baldwin, and will never have Baldwin's popularity with Conservative readers.

Nor is it difficult to show Chamberlain's stature as a 'radical social reformer'. He had all the equipment of a provincial reformer: a thorough knowledge of local needs and local powers. He wanted the right things: houses, hospitals, maternal welfare, social insurance. His fatal handicap may be given in his own words, written in 1929: 'my pleasure is in administration rather than in the game of politics' (Feiling, page 128). It appears in his speech as Lord Mayor to the T.U.C. at Birmingham in 1916 (Macleod, page 53): 'Trade Union leaders should on occasion be admitted to the councils of employers, and be allowed to see a little more of the game from the inside'. This is the administrator's view, and it offers amelioration on its own terms. It cannot understand the passions beneath: hence Chamberlain's notorious antipathy to Labour members of Parliament, of which Baldwin warned him as early as 1927. It is no defence to refer to his 'exceptionally sensitive character' which made him resent criticism almost morbidly. An essential element of leadership was lacking, as much for the social reformer as for the Prime Minister.

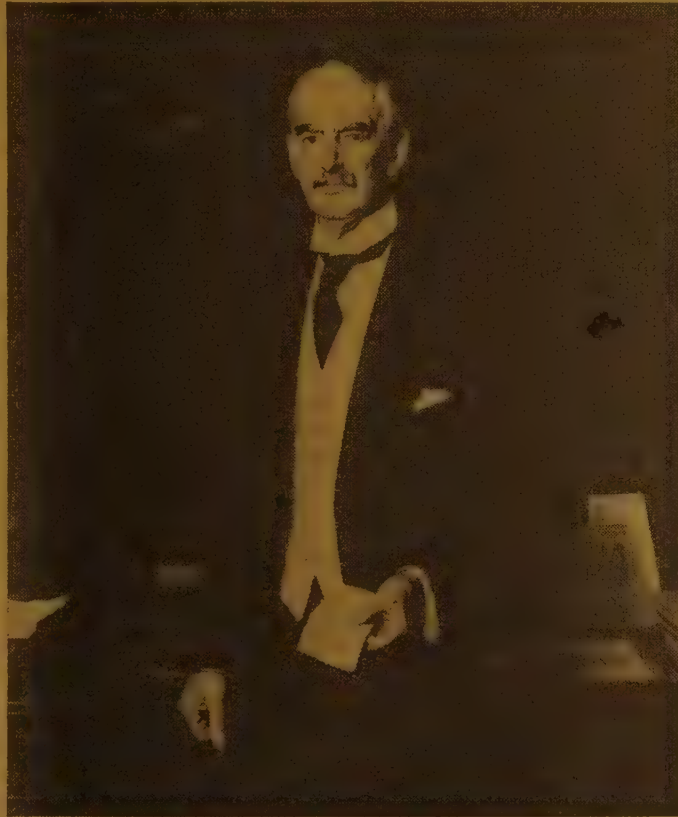
This was apparent from the start. 'Few Prime Ministers can have worked harder'. He chaired all Cabinet Committees, demanded two-year programmes from all his ministers, and from the beginning played a heavy part in foreign policy, even if he had to force Eden's resignation to do so (Mr. Macleod is full and fair on this episode). This masterful, competent management of affairs led straight to the Munich settlement, on which Chamberlain

and Mr. Macleod's work, must both, however unjustly, be judged.

It is easy to argue in favour of 'Munich' once you have decided, as Chamberlain and Mr. Macleod have decided, 'that nothing that France or we could do could possibly save Czechoslovakia . . . she would simply be a pretext for going to war with Germany' (Chamberlain to his sister, March 20, 1938, quoted on page 224). All the other arguments follow: Hitler's determination, Germany's readiness for war, France's unpreparedness and defeatism, Russia's weakness, Britain's military and psychological unreadiness. The value to our war preparations of the 'Munich pause' is shown by effective use of Professor Postan's findings in *British War Production* (1952). Thus argued, how much the best of all possible settlements the Munich settlement was! The only trouble is that this overlooks so much. Chamberlain himself undermined Daladier's resolution in April and September. Chamberlain refused to bluff in his negotiations, yet never realized that to negotiate from weakness was no more promising a method; having virtually conceded all to Hitler at Berchtesgaden, he could achieve nothing, not even the admission of the Czech representatives to the negotiations, at Munich (compare Feiling's extract from his letter to Hitler of September 27 (page 372) with Mr. Macleod's very brief reference to it on page 249 of his book). He discounted the mili-

tary strength of the Czechs (unlike Winston Churchill), just as Mr. Macleod discounts the German advantage in 1939 of greater striking power and the ability to seize bases nearer to Britain. Above all, Chamberlain ignored and Mr. Macleod ignores the moral issue, which lay behind Duff Cooper's resignation and the sense of shame which countless ordinary people felt at the time.

At this point the book virtually ends. Mr. Macleod passes almost without notice Chamberlain's extraordinary reversal of policy—the guarantee to Poland, the belated negotiations with Russia—after Hitler's seizure of Prague in March 1939. He has little to say of Chamberlain as a wartime Prime Minister except that he should have resigned on the outbreak of war. The drama of his resignation receives a bare four pages. There are other omissions, notably of Chamberlain's part in the decision to break off the negotiations with the T.U.C. committee on May 2, 1926, which made the General Strike inevitable (Feiling is rather more forthcoming). The nature of Chamberlain's budgetary policies in 1932-33 is left obscure: the element of inflation came largely from an over-estimate of revenues. If the Special Areas Bill was 'pretty thin', who but Chamberlain bore the responsibility? Perhaps Mr. Macleod realized, as he approached the end, that however much could be said for Chamberlain—and he has said it nobly—he could never make him into a great man. The material just wasn't there.



Portrait of Neville Chamberlain (1938) by James Gunn, R.A., in the Carlton Club

From 'Neville Chamberlain'

Dark Age?

The Fifteenth Century. By E. F. Jacob. Oxford. 38s.

PARADOXICALLY, THE FIFTEENTH century is one of the 'dark ages' of English history. Although the records are more abundant than ever before, they tell us little of what we want to know. On any estimate the contrast between the England of Henry IV and the England of Henry VIII is profound; but historians' explanations of the change fall wide apart. No one any longer regards the accession of Henry VII as a turning-point (and from that point of view it is surely a pity that Professor Jacob's volume was planned to stop in 1485); but where in that case are we to place the decisive break? Dr. Elton has suggested that significant changes did not occur until the fifteen-thirties; others believe the innovations of the Yorkists have been seriously underestimated. Huizinga painted a brilliant picture of the fifteenth century as the period of 'the waning of the Middle Ages', a gloomy culmination of the disorders the Tudors made it their business to end. Kingsford asserted that 'morally, intellectually and materially' the fifteenth century was 'an age not of stagnation but of ferment'. For Professor Jacob it was, more simply, 'a period of contradiction', and the historian's most formidable task, as he sees it, is that 'of understanding the minds of men' as they grappled with these contradictions.

This way of posing the problem is in itself a notable advance. It carries us gratefully away from the dry political crust—the grim loyalties and treacheries of aristocratic policy—to the intellectual level, and to the life of college, counting-house and chantry chapel which St. Albans, Tewkesbury, Wakefield, and all the other battles of our school history books apparently barely disturbed. I only wish Professor Jacob had been more ruthless in swinging the balance. The highlights of his book, without doubt, are the central chapters on the church, the trader, the countryman, the towns, and his concluding section entitled 'The Peaceful Arts'; and one would gladly have sacrificed some of the ten chapters of closely packed political narrative—some 440 out of 680 pages, or just on two-thirds of the whole—for more of this.

Professor Jacob is surely right, so far as politics go, in seeing that the decisive fact, for the whole century, is that it began with a monstrous act of usurpation. Since Stubbs's day our attitude to the Lancastrians has undergone almost complete reversal. When the greatest of the magnates, the Duke of Lancaster, seized the throne, the moral standards of English political life toppled disastrously; one usurpation justified another, and the Wars of the Roses now appear 'less as a unique dynastic contest than as a series of episodes' characteristic of late medieval baronial politics. For us, at this distance of time, the fundamental question about the civil wars is probably how far they dislocated the country's life. My own view, after reading Professor Jacob's pages, is that the old verdict might almost be reversed: far from resulting in economic dislocation, we might almost say that they marked the culmination of the slump endemic in the first half of the fifteenth century. From 1460 we are, economically, in a new age, though meanwhile there had been a probably intensely unsettling shift in the centres of population and industry.

Whatever else, this is no picture of stagnation. Wars, feuds, murders, like maintenance and patronage, reflected the efforts of the nobility to maintain their position in a society undergoing rapid change; and this was a losing battle. But the 'curious traveller' (in Professor Jacob's phrase) has only to go to Lavenham in East Anglia, to Fairford or Northleach in the Cotswolds, or to the upper valleys of Aire and Calder, to see how much else was stirring. It was, Professor Jacob makes clear, a prosaic society, full of a rather coarse-grained vitality, practical rather than speculative, devout rather than learned. The standard of poetry had slumped since Chaucer, and what remained of genuine lyricism had taken refuge in popular song. Though literacy was growing apace, the city merchant was 'literate but not literary'; the learning he was ready to pay for for his sons was strictly utilitarian.

Professor Jacob sees in all this 'a certain isolation from the main stream of humanism'. Certainly the ties are with the Low

Countries rather than with Italy, and the humanism of Duke Humphrey or John Tiptoft did not cut deep. In religion in particular the trend was away from reason and towards devotion and contemplation. One of Professor Jacob's most significant points is that Lollardy, far from being stamped out in 1428, remained a powerful force right down to the Reformation; another is that religion, far from 'running down', exercised great popular appeal. But, as he hints, it often meant a 'plunge into the darkness of unknowing' which may have 'opened men's hearts' but 'did not necessarily improve their minds'. In short, the attitudes of seventeenth-century sectarianism and puritanism were already taking shape; and it is in the attitudes it formed that the fifteenth century remains important.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

Blots on Escutcheons

The English Gentleman. By Simon Raven.
Anthony Blond. 21s.

MR. RAVEN'S opening sentence—'I myself am not a gentleman'—strikes a note of candour to which what follows often fails to live up; the book as a whole produces an equivocal impression.

In the first, and best, part Mr. Raven develops his main thesis: the English gentleman is obsolete and virtually extinct. Mr. Raven regrets this. 'I am sorry that the gentleman has passed; after telling the manner of his passing, I shall be at some pains (although I expect no thanks for them) to suggest how we may fill his place.' His *post-mortem* on the gentleman is carried out urbanely and garnished with historical *faits divers*; but his blue-print for the Mark II model is confined to a brief and imprecise proposal for 'some form of authority between equals'. His hope that 'another code, less rigorous, more intellectual, more delicate, might take the place of the gentleman's' is based on his own experience of intramural discipline at King's College, Cambridge; but it is coupled with the belief that 'even this code . . . would inevitably be doomed', so that one cannot help wondering why this less than half-baked project was thought worthy to be taken out of the oven at all.

While dealing with his theme in the abstract Mr. Raven, whose prose is vigorous and lucid, makes some good points in what is really a series of short, polished essays. Where he goes wrong is in his use of evidence. Our suspicion of his methods is only mildly aroused when he invents an imaginary gentleman, Colonel Sir Matthew Tench, D.S.O., M.C., to illustrate the decline of the species. Sir Matthew brings out a streak of Warwick Deeping in his creator ('What honour was to be had in a country where cowards danced hysterically in the streets because an old man with rabbit teeth brought back a piece of paper from Munich?'), but his staunch, sad career, which we follow in detail, belongs neither to fact nor fiction. He no more proves anything about the English gentleman than the contented travellers in a British Railways poster prove anything about the Transport Commission.

More germane, in theory, should be Mr. Raven's personal experiences; from these, he writes, 'I propose to offer concrete evidence for my thesis'. But with the best will in the world I fail to see how a round-by-round account of his expulsion from Charterhouse for homosexual practices has anything at all to do with the decay of chivalry. It is only fair to say that to Mr. Raven the connexion is perfectly clear. 'The world at large . . . could not see the brand which I was supposed to bear. When people found out that I had been expelled from Charterhouse, they simply laughed. If anything the affair turned out a social asset, since it provided a funny story to tell after dinner'. Risibility is hardly the keynote of the story as told by Mr. Raven in these pages; and, by however much his powers as a *raconteur* excel his very real gifts as a writer, the point he makes here is surely not that there are no more gentlemen in England but that some of his acquaintances are easily amused.

But at least Mr. Raven is a real person who was, more than a decade ago, expelled from a real school for a real offence. What are we expected to make of the other witnesses summoned to his coroner's inquest? The Hon. Susan Strange, though less

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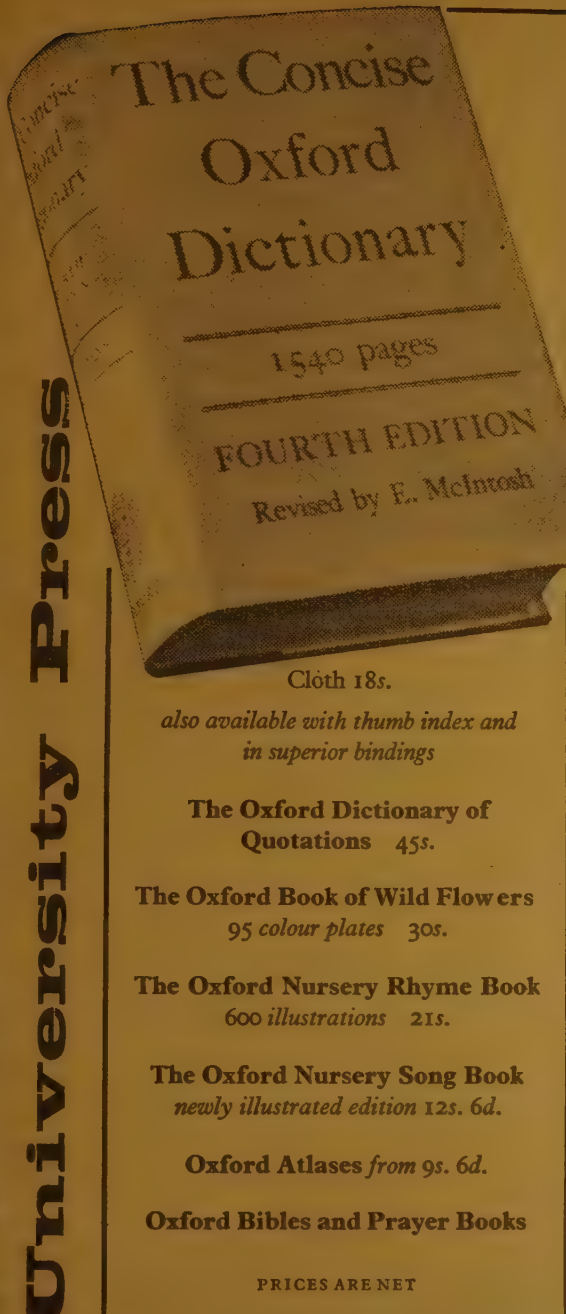
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real than Mr. Raven, is presumably identifiable—conjecturally at least—to a wide circle of London society and is certainly more real than Sir Matthew Tench. Her hangers-on I take to be composite portraits; every one of them is the sort of unutterable cad who, as a minor villain in the novels of Sapper or Dornford Yates, inevitably finished up by getting a straight left to the jaw or at least a couple of broken fingers at billiard fives. Mr. Raven gives us a souped-up account of their 'peripheral upper-class activities' in Venice. These activities, though tasteless, do not strike one as particularly baneful, and the value of Mr. Raven's report on them is lessened by the fact that he does not seem to have been there himself. His suspicion that the 'worthless values which obtain through the upper class as a whole . . . are spreading throughout the country' may be well-founded; but he does not produce a fact, or even a plausible bit of fiction, in support of it.

A battalion of Light Infantry, in which Mr. Raven served for four years, provides yet another category of witnesses. Mr. Raven

looks back with affection and gratitude on a regiment whose officers, when his racing debts brought him in sight of ruin, so expedited the cumbrous procedure of his resignation that he escaped a court martial and merely got warned off the Turf. The conduct of several of these officers (their names considerably changed) is now put in as evidence that there is no place for a gentleman in the modern army. None appears in a particularly discreditable light; but one can hardly suppose that they, or their regiment, much relish the reconstruction of minor and involved military scandals with which Mr. Raven seeks to illustrate his theme.

Mr. Raven may, for all I know, be correct in his belief that the English gentleman is extinct, or anyhow obsolete; but some of his basic virtues survive vestigially in our society. Readers are likely to find that one of them, tolerance, is severely strained by Mr. Raven's total neglect of another, which is consideration for the feelings of other people.

PETER FLEMING

The Master

Picasso's Picassos. By David Douglas Duncan. Macmillan. £7 7s.

THIS BOOK CONSECRATES, as it were, the new position of Picasso as a popular success, only outclassed probably by Brigitte Bardot and Marlon Brando, which was already indicated by the vast numbers of visitors to the exhibition at the Tate Gallery last year. It is beautifully produced in the manner of the shiny magazines, and its text reads like the menu in a cheap American restaurant. It will lie about on the tables of drawing-rooms, as did the engravings after Landseer and the unread leather-bound Tennyson in the mid-nineteenth century. It will be a 'must' in every home with any claim to intellectual status.

It will also be of use to the serious student of the artist's work, since it includes reproductions of a large number of otherwise unknown paintings. The coloured plates, though nasty in texture, appear to be reasonably reliable, and the small black and white illustrations—over five hundred in number—are remarkably good for their size.

It is a pity, however, that the author and publishers should make so many claims for the book that are unjustifiable. Those who do not read carefully will be led to suppose that it reproduces all the paintings which have remained in the artist's collection, whereas it only covers those in his villa at Cannes and none of the large number which must exist in his Paris studio. They will also have the impression that practically all the paintings reproduced are here shown for the first time, whereas more than a hundred of them have been exhibited or reproduced elsewhere. What is more serious is that the author implies that Picasso has systematically kept for himself the paintings which he thought his best, and that this book therefore presents not only Picasso's Picassos but his own selection from his vast output. This is, of course, nonsense. It may be true that in the last stages of his career the artist has kept the canvases to which he attached special importance, but in his earlier years he obviously could not afford to do so, and there are in fact hardly any paintings of importance in the present volume dating from before 1907. There are, for instance, only three in all for the years 1902 to 1906, when he was producing some of his finest works. No doubt more and better works of this phase survive in the Paris studio. There are also certain surprising gaps: the years 1940 to 1952 are scarcely represented at all, and among later works the reproductions do

not include any of the series of portraits of Sylvette, or of the variations on the 'Femmes d'Alger'. The paintings given by the artist to the Antibes museum would, of course, fill a part of this gap, but only a small part of it. One wonders why the works in question have been omitted.

This book illustrates Picasso's present position; but may one look into the future? Is it possible that the situation which has prevailed till recently is going to be reversed, and that Picasso will remain a success with a wide public when he has ceased to be the most powerful influence on painters? The public, having taken fifty years to get round to Picasso, and having had to work fairly hard for it, is not going to let go now that it has really got a grip—though it is legitimate to wonder how many would still express doubt if they dared—but it would probably already be true to say that among young painters



Picasso is not the strongest influence. He stands for something of great importance to them, but they probably look more to Jackson Pollock for their actual inspiration. If this prediction is correct, then perhaps the slump in Picasso prices, which has for so long been predicted, will not take place, and the artist will have the rare distinction of having started as a *peintre maudit*, having attained universal recognition in his lifetime, and having avoided the trough of dis-favour a generation after his death, which is the fate of most painters who reach great success in their own time. One thing in any case is certain: that in two centuries he will hold his position as the greatest master of the early twentieth century and one of the greatest of all time.

ANTHONY BLUNT



Two illustrations from *Picasso's Picassos*. These pictures are dated '15.1.1937' and (above, right) '19.12.1936'

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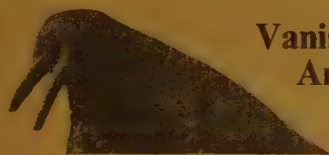
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The Case against Housman

A. E. Housman: Selected Prose. Edited by John Carter.
Cambridge. 21s. Paperback 10s. 6d.

THE PURPOSE of this book, according to its editor, is 'to demonstrate that Housman was just as much an artist in prose as he was in verse'. It includes the Introductory Lecture given at University College, London, in 1892, the Leslie Stephen Lecture on 'The Name and Nature of Poetry' of 1933, and a selection from the prefaces, articles and reviews which has been made acceptable to the ordinary reader by the omission of almost all the quotations from Greek and Latin. Housman's will forbade the reprinting 'in any shape or form' of any of his contributions to periodicals. He would have been infuriated by the separation of the more generally intelligible portions of his learned works from the detailed evidence on which their arguments repose. But it would be unreasonable for scholars to share the indignation of his ghost. They will be appeased by the reprinting of the brilliant paper on 'The Application of Thought to Textual Criticism'; and they must admit that the selection is well calculated to allow the ordinary reader, interested in Housman's poetry, to get an impression of his prose. For the understanding of his verse, this is desirable. 'In Housman's invectives against the follies and perversities of his fellow-scholars, it is not difficult to hear the voice of the Shropshire Lad turned critic'. These are the words of the eminent Greek scholar, Mr. A. S. F. Gow, who published in the year of Housman's death what Mr. Carter rightly calls by far the best book about Housman.

Housman wrote with clarity, simplicity and elegance; the main influence on his style was that of Shaw, as was observed by the most Housman-like of modern Latinists, Dr. D. R. Shackleton Bailey, in a remarkable broadcast talk published in *THE LISTENER* of May 7, 1959. His writings are worth reading for their style; but most readers will take more interest in their content. They can form some notion of Housman's aims and methods as a scholar; and they can enjoy most of the tirades against other scholars that have long given delight in academic circles. They can read how 'Stoeber's mind, though that is no name to call it by, was one that turned as unswervingly to the false, the meaningless, the unmetrical and the ungrammatical as the needle to the pole'; how 'Mr. Buecheler, when he first perused Mr. Sudhaus's edition of the *Aetna*, must have felt like Sin when she gave birth to Death'; how Friedrich Jacob had 'not only no sense for grammar, no sense for coherency, no sense for sense, but being himself possessed by a passion for the clumsy and the hispid . . . , imputed this disgusting taste to all the authors whom he edited'.

Most people get from this kind of thing what Housman himself called 'a low enjoyment'; but was the revival of this kind of scholarly polemic, disused, for the most part, since the eighteenth century, wholly creditable to its author? The castigation of bad work may have a salutary effect; Housman knew how to praise as well as how to blame; and though he is often cruel, he is seldom wholly unjust. Still, there is something distasteful in the shrill tone of his moral indignation against less gifted colleagues; just as there is something distasteful about the Shropshire Lad's perpetual complaint against 'whatever brute and blackguard made the world'. Housman's style and manner at first recall the Latin classics and their eighteenth-century imitators; but the study of his matter reveals an element of romantic petulance that is far removed from the urbane resignation of these exemplars. Pliny and Gibbon accepted the universe and its workings as they are; to keep up a perpetual complaint about it, and in particular about such trivial features of it as the inanities of S. G. Owen or Robinson Ellis, would have seemed to them not altogether in keeping with the behaviour of a gentleman. How different is Housman, of whom one could almost say that, like Corvo's character, the Rev. Bobugo Bosen, 'while not exactly claiming that he could have made a better job of the Creation, he was yet of the opinion that a number of unfortunate consequences had followed from his absence from the events described in the first chapters of Genesis'.

Those who feel this about Housman's attitude to things in

general will feel the same about his attitude to other scholars. Most scholarly work is, judged by the highest standards, poor stuff; that follows from the nature of humanity. When we come across bad work in our own field, it is our duty to point out that it is bad. But one can do this without showing an excess of indignation that must irritate the reader, not only because it is unkind, but because it reveals in the writer a tiresome unwillingness to accept the common conditions of existence. Housman's polemics would be less provoking if we could feel, as we do in Bentley's case, that they had been struck off in the natural ebullience of a genial and vigorous spirit. Housman's invectives smell too much of careful premeditation.

The same unreasonable strain in Housman is responsible for the exaggerations that disfigure both the view of scholarship set forth in his Introductory Lecture and the view of poetry set forth in his lecture on its name and nature. The former performance he later described as 'rhetorical and not wholly sincere'; and he was right. In it he effectively ridicules Herbert Spencer's absurd claims for science on the score of its utility, and he upholds a notion of the value of learning for its own sake that deserves respect. But in minimizing the value of the intellectual training that a classical education can provide, he does less than justice to the humanism he defends; and this attitude, conjoined as it is with Housman's own preoccupation with severe textual studies, has had some unfortunate results. We cannot blame him for having concentrated upon those authors whose text gave him the chance to exercise his wonderful faculty for conjectural emendation, even though these authors were not, on the whole, those of the greatest importance. But we may regret that a scholar who, because he is famous for other reasons, is better known to the general reader, and therefore to beginners in classical studies, than any of his peers in modern times, should have given countenance to the austere and repulsive heresy that a scholar's only duty is to provide the best possible texts of the authors whom he edits.

Complementary to the extreme dryness of Housman's view of scholarship is the extreme romanticism of his view of poetry. Housman obstinately contends that real poetry is an affair of the emotions; the verse of Pope and his contemporaries is, in his opinion, not poetry. His attempt to minimize the intellectual element in poetic creation exasperates most critics of the present time, who are aware, as his contemporaries were not, that the intellect may operate subconsciously or semi-consciously as well as consciously, and who are readier than he was to allow that there is more than one way of using the word 'poetry'.

This review has been occupied almost entirely with the case against Housman; but that is because the case for him is more familiar. Readers not acquainted with it should read Mr. Gow's book or Dr. Bailey's broadcast. Everything they say is true.

HUGH LLOYD-JONES

Album Pictures

Between the Wars. By James Laver. Vista Books. 35s.

The Frontiers of Privilege. By Quentin Crewe.
Collins. £2 15s.

Signs of the Times, 1939-1961. By Osbert Lancaster.
John Murray. 21s.

John Bull's Schooldays. Edited by Brian Inglis.
Hutchinson. 18s.

THE FASHION for compiling album-like books about the fairly recent past shows no sign of falling off, and most of them have entertainment value. Photography fixes innumerable aspects of life as it flies, and the eye of the camera seems at times the eye of a caricaturist, so exact is it in stressing grotesqueries of the moment and the apparent complacency with which yesterday displayed its personal vanities, fashionable follies, and political and social opinions. But these books are booby-traps: they too easily make us feel superior to what we are looking at, they make us forget that we are boobies too, and that in twenty years, or little more, the naked absurdities of the way we live now will be exposed.

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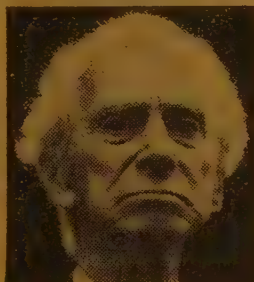
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James Laver, with his *Victorian Vista* and *Edwardian Promenade*, set a special standard for these compilations, and maintains it in *Between the Wars*. He explains that this time he has to be graver, because 'public events had become part of private life'. From the disillusionment that followed the first world war to the apprehension that preceded the second he draws upon a good variety of sources for piquant comment upon important events, trends of opinion, amusements, and fashions. His arrangement of quotations is deft, and the inevitable melancholy that comes from contemplating the years that led straight from one horror to another is much relieved by Mr. Laver's gift for collecting revealing or forgotten or little-known details. His conclusion is that he has been dealing with a 'hectic, frivolous, frustrated, puzzled, frantic period'. If the middle-aged give this book to their godchildren at Christmas, they will show the young what museum pieces they are.

The Frontiers of Privilege ranges farther back. It is described as 'a history of the last hundred years seen through the eyes of a typical reader of the *Queen*'. It takes the form of a running commentary on the attitudes of that periodical. There are plenty of quotations and pictures, photographic and otherwise—including wedding-day glimpses of Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Grimond. The general effect provided by Quentin Crewe is a perspective of 'the struggles of the aristocracy to ward off the rise of first the new rich and then the proletariat'. In other words, the paper throves by flattering the prejudices, delusions, lack of imagination, and general non-progressiveness of the female part of a propertied class much occupied with its own well-being and display, and with maintaining its status and advantages.

As might be expected, the frivolity and superficiality of the *Queen* were often bizarre; but then it was hardly to be thought of seriously. A 'ladies' newspaper', it used to be aimed at a species of lady now presumably extinct. It praised Hitler for his kindness to animals and fascism because it meant 'Discipline spelt with a capital D'. Wives and mothers would be 'glad of Mussolini', because he had made Capri 'a sanctuary for birds'. In a stuffy miasma of stale face-powder, philistinism, racialism and ignorance, the strangest pronouncements were made—as that there was 'a great deal of human nature' in the working classes, who (inexplicably) 'do not learn to use their hands', or that in Australia the trees give no shadow because their leaves face the wrong way. At least the instant dissemination of facts, if not of sense, may now be making us foolish in a different way.

A later and lighter retrospect is provided by Osbert Lancaster with a selection of his 'pocket cartoons' from the last twenty-one years. In a well-worded preface he admits that 'a professional preoccupation with the topical is the surest passport to oblivion'. He even confesses that when going through the mass of these cartoons even he sometimes found their points irretrievable. But he is not claiming to have provided a valuable record of events: he does suggest, unassumingly enough, that there may be some value in recording people's reactions to events and also the appearance of the reactors at any given moment. It is only necessary to glance at the back of Mr. Lancaster's coloured dust-jacket (which might well have been the frontispiece to the book) to see how happily, in his own way, he has seized the aspects of many of the 'types who have crowded the moving staircase of the years. His jokes are appreciated for their topicality, which cannot be fade-proof; his jovial drawings, as products of an observant as well as roving eye, could still be album-portraits for future reference.

Between the wars, in 1934 to be precise, Jonathan Cape published a symposium called *The Old School*, in which various persons wrote of their schooldays. It was edited by Graham Greene, and among the contributors were W. H. Auden, Elizabeth Bowen, L. P. Hartley, Sir Harold Nicolson, Anthony Powell, Stephen Spender, and this reviewer. Its editor compared it to a family album, thought that it would provide a true picture for the social historian, and forecast that 'during the next few years . . . the public school, as it exists today, will disappear'. There were examples not only of public schools but of elementary, grammar, convent, and co-educational schools. And now here is a new album on the same lines, and its editor began to compile it without even having heard of *The Old School*. Most of the articles first appeared as contributions to the *Spectator*, and there are more than in the earlier book. The perfect Christmas present for

any kind of schoolmaster, *John Bull's Schooldays* is so interesting that it is tempting to list all twenty-six contributors. Ludovic Kennedy, Simon Raven, Angus Wilson, Jocelyn Brooke and John Braine seem all, so to speak, at the top of their form. It is for educational reformers to draw the suitable conclusions from this mass of evidence. It is to be hoped that they will take particular notice of Brian Inglis (Shrewsbury) and Philip Oakes (an orphanage). 'The craft of the brainwasher', writes Mr. Inglis, 'has never been a mystery to me since'; and Mr. Oakes says of his orphanage, 'It taught me how to lie, and how to steal. It taught me how to fool authority, and how to flatter'.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Virtuous Circle

The Story of Fabian Socialism. By Margaret Cole. Heinemann. 30s.

'I CANNOT write temperately of Fabians', G. D. H. Cole admitted in 1917, in a letter to Beatrice Webb. That Cole lived to be President of the Fabian Society, and that his widow has now written what amounts to its official history, is an excellent indicator of this curious movement. Absorption one way, permeation the other: these tactics have been its strength. Through all its changes of membership and emphasis it has had one common element: a commitment to political studies without, as a body, any commitment to political action. It has had its rows and its periods of decline, but in general its alignment has given it a remarkable continuity and resilience. It is intellectually respectable and it is socially respectable, and this combination has seemed about right to four generations of mainly middle-class radicals, dissenters and socialists. It is a virtuous circle, and this has had the additional advantage that the money has come in fairly steadily, particularly through gifts and bequests. The London School of Economics and the *New Statesman* have been its by-products, and in the right places that is a pretty impressive pair of facts. It looks like outliving all its possible rivals, for these intrinsic reasons.

All this one gathers, with supporting detail, from Mrs. Cole's admirably clear and factual book. If at times (particularly in some of the later chapters, on a period in which Mrs. Cole was the Society's honorary secretary) it reads a bit like a house magazine, we keep our respect and our distance, for the house, after all, is unmistakably there. In the Labour parliamentary majority of 1945, the Fabians had

229 out of the 394 M.P.s elected as Labour, ten Cabinet ministers, including the Premier, thirty-five Under-Secretaries and other officers of State, and eleven parliamentary private secretaries.

This is marvellous, for a Society which started in 1884 with nine members. It is marvellous even when you remember what happened between 1945 and 1951.

I suppose that there is now no Fabian Socialism. The only period of which the phrase can be used without confusion is the first, that of Webb and Shaw and the original Fabian Essays. It is there in the direct line of descent from the Utilitarians: mainly, I would think, through John Stuart Mill's late essays on socialism. It is from Mill, too, that the right comment comes:

It can teach the means of organizing and regulating the merely business part of the social arrangements.

This was the accurate judgment of Bentham's social thinking, and what Mill adds on Bentham seems true also of the essential Fabians:

The business part is accordingly the only province of human affairs which Bentham has cultivated with any success; into which he has introduced any considerable number of comprehensive and luminous practical principles. That is the field of his greatness, and there he is indeed great.

The acknowledgment must certainly be given. In many respects we now live in a Fabian Britain, and most of us are better off because we do. Down the years, and still today, the Society's patient inquiring, drafting, organizing are genuinely impressive, and Mrs. Cole's book is interesting mainly as a record of all this hard work.

The irony remains that this should have been called practical socialism. As Morris foresaw (characteristically, in a Fabian Tract; the virtuous circle still operated) all this work might be done, successfully, without any real social change, building new instruments into an existing set of social relations rather than changing the relations themselves. The practicality of the business part has always been overestimated. It is never practical politics to build an organization but fail to change people. Anybody can take over an organization. It was all right while we could believe in the inevitability of gradualism, but for ten years this has been no longer inevitable, and the gradualism has been the gradualism of erosion. We look like a branch line, with the stations closed and the people gone away, but with the machine we have built still running through our lives, whether it serves us or not. Or so it seems to me, closing the book and looking around. For what I ask in the end is how this confident, competent, celebratory book could have been written and published, in just this mood, at one of the darkest ebbs of the socialism to which it theoretically relates.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

A Romanesque Artist

Gislebertus, Sculptor of Autun. By Denis Grivot and George Zarnecki. Introduction by T. S. R. Boase. The Trianon Press, in association with Collins. £3 10s.

THE SCULPTURE in the cathedral of Autun is rightly famous on several counts. First some of it is among the most sensitive creations of Romanesque art, secondly it is nearly entirely the work of one hand, and thirdly the name of the artist who made it is known: Gislebertus. We know this because he signed his name in large capitals on his most noble work: the tympanum of the west door of the church. Nothing is known directly about him. He is mentioned in neither chronicle nor document. Nevertheless, by skilful deduction the authors of this book have been able to show that Gislebertus was inspired by work done at the great abbey of Cluny; that he worked there and also at Vézelay before coming to Autun in about 1125. His period of activity at Autun seems to have been from 1125 to 1135. They have also been able to indicate that he was influential in other Burgundian churches, notably at Saulieu.

In assessing his work two valuable new factors have been considered. In 1939 the original east end of the church, formerly obscured by an eighteenth-century horror, was revealed and the earliest work of Gislebertus found. Secondly, those who remember the porch in earlier days will recall that the head of the Christ was missing, giving the figure a somewhat sinister appearance. The head has now been replaced with much happier results. In this book an attempt has also been made to reconstruct the north door from the few fragments that remain of it. These include one of the most widely reproduced of Romanesque sculptures: the reclining figure of Eve. In making this reconstruction the authors have been greatly assisted by a description of the church made in 1482. It is clear that she lay along the lintel of the door, with Adam on the opposite side.

There can be no doubt that Gislebertus was a great sculptor by any standard. His technical skill was immense and his invention remarkable. It is, however, in conveying the psychological content of a scene that he is best. The superb devils of the

west tympanum are not the only ones who show his power. Some of the details of the capitals are even more penetrating. One thinks of the extraordinary figure of the angel waking the Magi. His left hand is raised in authority bidding them go; the forefinger of the right hand just touches with the lightest gesture the hand of one of the sleeping kings. In the Adoration of the Magi the solemn curiosity of the Christ Child, who bends towards a covered bowl held by the first king, is quite wonderfully conveyed. All these details are very difficult to see even with a pair of field glasses. Thanks to the splendid photographs of M. Franceschi reproduced in this book they can now be painlessly enjoyed.

As will have been gathered from the remarks already made, this book is a good deal more than a collection of fine pictures. Dr. Zarnecki and the Abbé Grivot have produced a serious analysis of the work of this great sculptor. In discussing the tympanum of the west door they surmise quite rightly that the inner arch, now empty, contained figures of eighteen of the four-and-twenty elders of the Apocalypse, the other six being relegated to a nearby capital. Can it be that these six were crowded out from the arch by the introduction of the symbols of the Four Evangelists which ought to be on the tympanum of the door if the normal programme of a Romanesque porch was adhered to?

If the plates are admirable, the reader will find their arrangement complicated and difficult to use. There are too many divisions and subdivisions and something simpler could surely have been devised. Nevertheless, one can only be grateful for these beautiful plates and for the valuable illustrations of comparative material. For what it is, the price is most moderate.

FRANCIS WORMALD

Pygmies in Africa

The Forest People. By Colin M. Turnbull. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

BERNARD BERENSON used the adjective 'life-enhancing' to commend pictures which particularly appealed to him; and the same adjective can properly be applied to Mr. Turnbull's extraordinarily vivid picture of the way of life of the pygmies of the Ituri forest in the (former Belgian) Congo. He has given us, in a most convincing way, a picture of contemporary life which is like no other that has been described; the nearest approach that I know is William Golding's imaginative reconstruction of Neanderthal man in *The Inheritors*. As in this fiction, we are given the experience of a life of extraordinary innocence, gaiety and happy acceptance of the world; *The Forest People*, however, is no fiction but an expert anthropological account, with the most precise scientific underpinning, written as an evocative narrative of considerable skill. The book can be read simply as a travel book, and one of the most enthralling of recent years; the hard scientific work is below the surface, and will be presumably published as a series of monographs in appropriate places. *The Forest People* has maps and illustrations, but neither index nor footnotes.

Before Mr. Turnbull spent three arduous years with them, our knowledge of the pygmies derived almost entirely from the work of Dr. Paul Schebesta. But Dr. Schebesta had only known the pygmies in the Negro villages outside the forest; and, as Mr. Turnbull illustrates in great detail, there is an elaborate con-



Detail from the Adoration of the Magi
From 'Gislebertus, Sculptor of Autun'

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fabulation of mischief and play-acting by the pygmies in their relations with the neighbouring full-size Negroes. The Negroes act on the belief that each village is the patron of a pygmy band, who owes allegiance to the local chief and provides him with forest meat and agricultural labour, in exchange for cultivated vegetable produce, material help in times of crisis, and religious assistance at *rites de passage*, adolescence, marriage and death. The pygmies fall in with this belief, pretending to be submissive clients when its suits them, taking all that they are given, and begging for or stealing whatever else they need, sceptically playing along with the Negroes' religious rituals, but treating the whole relationship as a profitable and hugely comic joke. Dr. Schebesta saw them when they were acting 'umble and ever so grateful, but not when they were rolling on the ground with uncontrollable laughter at the success with which they had once more fooled the big 'animals' to the top of their bent.

Their life in the rain forest, as Mr. Turnbull describes it, is curiously idyllic, pre-lapsarian; bands, bound by assorted ties of kinship, hunt and gather wild produce together, reaching all decisions by agreement, eschewing individual success (except as a hunter), using shame, and ultimately ostracism, as their sole sanction against anti-social behaviour. They contrast noise (such as the noise of quarrelling) which is bad, with music and harmony; and some of Mr. Turnbull's most evocative pages describe the extraordinary music of the *molimo*, the secret male musical instrument which no woman or child is meant to know about or see, and which is played round the camp in ceremonies of mourning or rejoicing. Music and dance are the great pygmy arts; and without the aid of recordings (though he had made these) or films, Mr. Turnbull describes them with great vividness.

Probably only another anthropologist can appreciate fully how great a feat is Mr. Turnbull's field-work, for he writes of this with the utmost modesty. He spent three years with the pygmies, one whole year with a single band; he spoke their language well enough to participate in everything, was allowed to share in all the experiences suitable to an adult man (he was even scarified), and was so fully accepted that he had to use quite a lot of ingenuity to protect his chastity. He completely shared their way of living, their food and huts, their rigorous forest life; apart from paper and typewriter, he had neither the possessions nor the comforts of most anthropologists in the field. He could not have tolerated this at all (in one parenthesis he tells us that he was at one moment very ill) if he had not been filled with love and admiration, as well as scientific curiosity, for his hosts; and this love and admiration inform every page of *The Forest People*. It is almost impossible to praise this book too highly.

GEOFFREY GORER

White Collars

Morale in the Civil Service. A Study of the Desk-Worker.

By Nigel Walker.

Edinburgh University Press. 30s.

THIS IS A FIRST-RATE book. It is filled with fascinating detail about the sort of life civil servants lead, collected for the purpose of analysis, but conveyed with sympathy and humour. And the author's conclusions, his generalizations and judgments, are excellent—completely free from the lip-serving stuffiness that tends to vitiate so much talk about morale at management conferences, and from the deficient feeling for reality that tends to vitiate so much talk among professional investigators of efficiency, occupational psychologists and suchlike. Dr. Walker was formerly a civil servant and he is now an Oxford don. He concludes modestly that in this book he may have clothed in words and figures what has long been at the back of many civil servants' minds. The point is that he has also brought it to the front of their—and our—minds, analytically, trenchantly, and above all sensibly.

After a preliminary critical look at the Civil Service's two obvious approaches to coping with morale, through Welfare Officers and through management training, and at the less obvious, and pretty unused, approach through dismissal, Dr.

Walker gets down to considering what people mean by 'morale'. Do they have a composite definition combining as factors efficiency, job-satisfaction (horrid-sounding word!), *esprit de corps*, cohesiveness; or do they mean something underlying all four, 'a sort of personnel manager's Holy Ghost'? Dr. Walker rejects the latter concept, and argues that for practical purposes two factors matter, efficiency and enjoyment of the job: but these two do *not*, in general, show any significant positive correlation.

The main part of *Morale in the Civil Service* is about two experimental investigations. In the first Dr. Walker took matched groups of office-workers (in a huge Records Branch of the Ministry of Pensions), whose efficiency could be measured in terms of output, and tried to discover what relationship their efficiency bore to the psychological conditions of work—the latter being investigated by personal interview and study of personal records. In the second investigation, by questionnaire only, he studied two Ministries, one large and one small, and a large private company, in comparison with each other.

The results are—I can only repeat the word—fascinating. For example: the individual efficiency of most civil servants appeared to be associated with few other factors, apart from age—certainly not with their own view of their efficiency and hardly with their enjoyment of the job; their enjoyment of the job was closely associated with status and hardly at all with pay—their sick-leave nearly always meant they were sick (*cf.* manual workers). Most civil servants thought discipline could be stronger; while at the same time they showed a peculiar 'protectiveness' towards each other. I could go on and on. Reflecting on his results, Dr. Walker says: 'At this point we are as close as we are likely to be in our present state of ignorance to the nodal point of the tangle of factors that is labelled "morale"'. My comment is that he has brought the threads of which the tangle is composed beautifully into focus.

WILLIAM COOPER

He Died Standing

Courage of Genius. By Robert Conquest.

Collins: Harvill. 18s.

IT IS NOW just over three years since the Nobel Prize for literature was awarded to Pasternak. He was, naturally, pleased. Within a few days, Soviet publicists had poured a torrent of abuse over him, calling him 'Judas', 'weed', 'mangy sheep' and 'pig'—or rather, declaring that a pig would never do what he had done. Justice to pigs! demanded the first secretary of the Soviet Young Communist League (had he read *Animal Farm*, one wonders); for a pig never made a mess where it ate or slept, while Pasternak had fouled the spot where he ate and cast filth on those by whose labour he lived and breathed. In an alternative metaphor of the same speaker, Pasternak had gone and spat in the people's face.

Pasternak sent a telegram to the Swedish Academy, declining the prize in view of 'the meaning this award has been given in the society to which I belong'. He wrote to Mr. Khrushchev, stressing his desire to stay in the Soviet Union: 'I am linked with Russia by my birth, life, and work. I cannot imagine my fate separate from and outside Russia'.

He stayed in Russia and continued writing. Old and ill, he was tortured by anxiety, dreading what might happen to Olga Ivinskaya, his closest friend. He died in the spring of 1960. Before the end of the year, Olga Ivinskaya and her daughter were already serving prison sentences.

In the welter of articles about Pasternak that has appeared in the last three years, literary debate and political polemic have sometimes obscured one of the fundamental issues, that which may be called moral and humanitarian. Now Mr. Conquest outlines the whole affair. His book is sober, excellently informed, and admirably balanced, including translations of the principal Soviet articles and the utterances of leading communists in several countries. He has made good use too of the record of Pasternak's comments contained in accounts (not as well-known as they deserve) by Nils Åke Nilsson and Olga Carlisle.

The humiliation and hounding of Pasternak and Ivinskaya by the Soviet authorities and their lackeys—what the great Icelandic

writer Halldor Laxness (himself holder both of a Nobel Prize and of a Lenin Peace Prize and long a sympathiser with communism) called, in a personal message to Khrushchev, 'the malicious onslaughts of sectarian intolerance'—are beastly and abominable. They are manifestations also of fear—fear of what might happen if Soviet people could read what they wanted—and of contempt for the people. The point was put quite plainly by Surkov, formerly whip-cracker-in-chief on the Soviet literary front: 'The masses are the masses and they will always be led by somebody'.

Particularly valuable are Mr. Conquest's pages on the mechanism of leading the masses, as manipulated by Surkov and his colleagues: the intermeshing of the Union of Writers, the editorial boards of journals and newspapers, and publishing houses (on one hand) and the 'cultural' sections of the apparatus of the central committee of the party (on the other). There has been much speculation about this intricate machinery. Here a good deal of light is thrown, coming especially from foreign communist sources that will be unknown to most readers.

Mr. Conquest makes a striking comparison, and distinction, between Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone* and Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*.

Dudintsev's criticisms of society remain within the political range. Whatever he is attacking, he implies that it can be corrected by certain changes of policy on the part of the ruling party. Pasternak... sees politics... simply as one, and not the most important, of the many forces at work in life...

In a speech to the Union of Writers in 1936, Pasternak vindicated the freedom, and the responsibility, of the creative writer with the words 'You cannot say to a mother, "Bear a girl, not a boy".'

The principle of the Soviet cultural rulers has been that this is just what can and must be said and done; but as the novelist Leonov once said allegorically in an interview, 'Healthy, beautiful and sturdy children are as a rule only born from a loved woman'.

Pasternak would have no truck with the abortive surgeries and artificial inseminations of literary dictatorship. He would probably have subscribed to the words of another patriotic Russian writer of uncompromising integrity, Zamyatin, in a letter to Stalin in 1931: 'I know that I have the very uncomfortable habit of saying not what at a given moment is advantageous, but what seems to me to be the truth'.

In 1959 Pasternak declared: 'The Union of Soviet Writers would like me to go on my knees to them—but they will never make me'. An old communist slogan says that it is better to die standing than to live on one's knees. Pasternak died without kneeling; but what he had feared, happened. Olga Ivinskaya is in prison. Will her end be that of Zhivago's Lara, 'died or vanished somewhere, forgotten as a nameless number...'? We must not forget.

MICHAEL FUTRELL

Obsessions

The Empty Canvas. By Alberto Moravia.
Secker and Warburg. 18s.

WHEN ITALIAN OR FRENCH novelists write about love, they tend either to be intensely serious or else completely frivolous. Love thus becomes an all-absorbing activity or a mere *jeu d'esprit* to be taken no more seriously than a quick game or a light conversation. In the one case, it occupies the whole of life, in the other, none. Alberto Moravia has always been a representative of the former attitude towards the subject. With him, love and passion are obsessive things; they seldom produce happiness and they usually cause great pain. Every novel he has written is concerned with passion of one kind or another. None is subtler than his latest book, *The Empty Canvas*, an almost agonizing study both of artistic sterility and the pangs of love.

Dino, the novelist's chief character and a rich young Roman abstract painter, is totally disillusioned about life; boredom is a continuous state of mind with him. As he says himself, 'The feeling of boredom originates, for me, in a sense of the absurdity of a reality which, as I have said, is insufficient, or anyhow unable, to

convince me of its own effective existence'. Tired of his painting, Dino starts an affair with a young model called Cecilia, who has already been the mistress of an older painter. This new relationship is a tormenting one. When he finds that he has fallen in love with Cecilia, Dino does all that he can to rid himself of the obsession. He spies on her in order to prove her infidelity, he treats her as a whore by giving her money, and finally (the plot of this book is indeed tortuous and analytical) he offers her marriage because he believes that marriage will relieve him of his passion and so return him to his now longed-for former state of *ennui*.

Signor Moravia probes into human passions with a kind of desperate intensity. He also has the power to depict physical love as well as to philosophize about it. His book, as a result, is neither distastefully suggestive nor drily moralizing. In many ways, it is reminiscent of Sartre's deployment of existentialism and theory of the 'absurd', though it is really wholly Italian; but it is Italian without the rather self-conscious sensuousness which we expect to find in so much literature from that country.

The Empty Canvas is, until its final pages, a melancholy book. Perhaps this is to be expected from a novel whose major theme is the frustration which attends the inability to possess another human being completely. Signor Moravia, however, is too shrewd to limit his story to one obvious idea. He has made Dino wholly convincing by showing that he is not always governed either by his reason or his philosophical notions. Dino himself declares (the novel is told in the first person), 'I can give no other explanation of all this except that contradiction is the fickle and unforeseeable basis of the human spirit'.

Perverse, nihilistic, cruel—Dino is all these things at one time or another and it is, I think, a measure of Signor Moravia's literary skill and power that he is able to devote a full-length novel to one or two interconnected obsessions, and yet never for a moment cease to engage the reader's full attention. A theory of boredom which could so easily have been merely abstract has, in *The Empty Canvas*, become not only concrete but also warm and truly alive. One finds one's feelings towards Dino fluctuating from irritation to sympathy and from exasperation to compassion, but one never loses interest in or concern for him.

In the past, Signor Moravia has written much of the painful vagaries of sexual passion but seldom has he introduced an element of hopefulness and peace. At the end of *The Empty Canvas*, however, he triumphantly and convincingly vindicates his previous pessimism of spirit. Dino, after he has attempted to kill both his mistress and himself, finds, as he lies in a hospital bed, that the torments and entanglements of his former life have somehow reduced him to a point not only of simplicity but also of serenity. The external world suddenly becomes real to him again, and therefore no longer boring; 'I was not dead', he declares, 'but at least I had proved to myself that, rather than go on living as I had lived hitherto, I should have preferred, and seriously preferred, death. All this did not mitigate the feeling of despair that occupied my mind; but it introduced a certain kind of mournful, resigned serenity'. Dino's solution to his problems is a practical and empirical one and he continues, '... I would go back to the studio and try to start painting again. ... I was not at all sure that the connection I had seen for so long between Cecilia and my painting really existed; or that loving Cecilia in a new way would mean starting to paint again. Here again, only experience would be able to provide an answer'.

The Empty Canvas must have been a painful book to write. Its overriding themes are the difficulty of artistic creation and the agonizing compulsions of passion. Such problems are constantly with us but perhaps never before so acutely as at the present time. Signor Moravia has presented them unflinchingly and with a deep understanding.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

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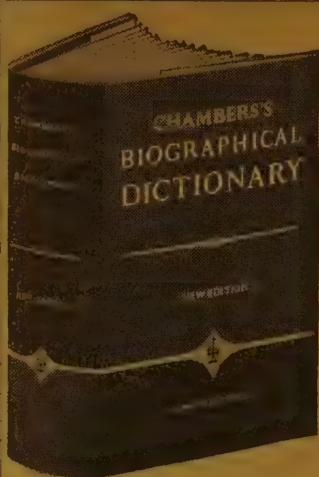
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WHO COULD RESIST the title of this latest addition to the Cambridge Studies in Criminology? Many people will reach for it and turn over the leaves, and they will find the text winding its way past great blocks of figures. To those of us who are table-addicts this will hold out promise of that curious aesthetic pleasure—like listening to a theme with variations—which one gets as one follows the different distributions according to age, place of birth and so on of the 211 robbers in 1950 and the 288 in 1957. To others tables mean technicality and boredom, and they may be put off. This would be a great pity; the information in the text is fascinating and important.

The function of the criminologist is to tell us the facts, and facts about offences that make the headlines are important because the publicity given to them may put them out of proportion. This book is concerned with the robberies committed in London in 1950, 1957, and the first half of 1960. Although they form but a small proportion of indictable offences, and are few in number for so large a city, their rate of increase is far greater than that of indictable offences in general. But 'robbery' covers a number of different types of offence, and the Cambridge study distinguishes five: (1) robbery of persons in charge of money or goods, (2) robbery in the open, (3) robbery on private premises, which includes violence used by the house-breaker when disturbed by a member of the household, (4) robbery after short acquaintance—an acquaintance usually in pursuit of sexual satisfaction, and (5) robbery after longer acquaintance as in the case of friends or workmates. It is the first category that displays the greatest increase. It represents over 50 per cent. of all robberies in the first half of 1960. Three-quarters of these were not cleared up, and they included a larger proportion of sums of £100 and over than was the case in 1950 or 1957. This, and to a rather less extent robberies by house-breakers, is clearly the work of skilled professionals who are prepared to use violence if need be. Sudden attacks in the open have increased too, but in 1960 attacks on women had gone down. It may be that there is more planning here as well; you can snatch a lady's hand-bag on the spur of the moment, but to get hold of a man's wallet is not so easy.

The amount of violence used is nothing like what we imagine. In nearly three-quarters of the cases the injury was negligible, and there was only one case of firearms being used in 1950 and two in 1957. The commonest weapon was a blunt instrument, but, taking all robberies together, the majority of victims were 'threatened, pushed, punched or kicked'. The risks run naturally vary with the type of robbery, but on the whole the dangerous ages for victims lie between twenty-one and fifty, and it need hardly be said that men are more at risk than women.

The sentencing policy of the courts varied between 1950 and 1957; it became more lenient, but 1960 saw a return to more severe measures. However, a follow-up of offenders found guilty in 1950 shows that their 'treatment' was not a roaring success, since most of them offended again.

This is, of course, only a sketchy account of the sort of facts with which this book is concerned. One thing is clear and that is that the 'pros' are on to a good thing. The planned manoeuvre, the quick get-away, the value of the swag, and the unlikelihood of being caught have obvious attractions. Certain steps can be taken to protect the potential victims of the first category, but at the moment technology and disregard for human suffering, however minor, are on the side of the robbers.

Another thing that comes out of the inquiry is that the incidence of violence in pursuit of gain is exaggerated: 'The chance of anyone being robbed in the open is less than three for every hundred-thousand of the population; in the case of women this drops to less than one'. There is not a gun-man hiding behind every bush.

The facts could not have been presented more clearly, and we are glad to note that this is a first instalment on the use of violence in general. We look forward to its successor.

W. J. H. SPOTT

Quit You Like Men

Godliness and Good Learning

Four Studies on a Victorian Ideal

By David Newsome. John Murray. 28s.

AS READERS CLOSE this important book, they may well reflect that, if some of the great men who figure in it—Dr. Arnold, the Headmaster of Rugby, Prince Lee, the headmaster of King Edward's, Birmingham, and Edward White Benson, the headmaster of Wellington—could revisit this country they would see at a glance what was wrong. All their great abilities were concentrated on turning infants into men, on exterminating childishness. 'For you will be men'—this is the beginning of a fine passage in Benson's farewell sermon at Wellington. And perhaps the surest justification of Victorian imperialism lies in the boast of a renowned Bishop of Winchester about India, that the vocation of the British people was 'to have made a nation of children see what it was to be men'. And how could that ideal endure when the men slipped down to the level of the children? Because what those great headmasters meant by childishness was not of course eternal youthfulness, the capacity in maturity 'to hear the horns of Elfland faintly blowing', but the perpetuation into manhood of the selfishness and self-indulgence of childhood. They would have instantly pointed to tenderness in the school-room as the foster-parent of selfishness and childishness, and the explanation why a nation of adults has become (to use a rather tart saying of Lord Chesterfield about women) 'only children of a larger growth'.

We may be fairly certain that the teenager of today, the Bloomsbury 'set' of yesterday and commercial lords would find a taste of godliness and good learning rather like the cold bath with which the day started at a public school. They would cheer the sentiments of that fellow of an Oxford college who, after listening to a long account of the Holy Land, cried 'Jerusalem be damned, give us wine, women and horses'. Mr. Newsome gives us an excellent sketch of those who came under the influence of Arnold, Lee, and Benson. They used their minds, whether talking, walking, visiting churches or botanizing: they had a purpose in life, frivolity was the unforgivable futility.

Many a brisk modern writer has tried to relate all these matters to sex. Dr. Arnold is of course a sadist, Benson would presumably be accused of an unnatural love for his dead son, while poor Prince Lee would undoubtedly be accused of a love-hate relationship for anything in a shovel-hat. (As Bishop of Manchester he bullied his clergy.) What tawdry stuff such comments seem when set against reality. Mr. Newsome at once wins our confidence by not assuming the ghastly omniscience of this century. He writes:

It is impossible, for instance, to write with any certainty on the prevalence of immorality in the schools at this period. . . . Even Arnold, usually extremely outspoken in reference to sin in his sermons, speaks only of 'sensual wickedness, such as drunkenness and other things forbidden together with drunkenness in the Scriptures'.

Falsehood was the sin at which the fire of those admirable men was aimed, the extirpation of falsehood by Truth, 'my own beloved Truth', as Prince Lee expresses it. As the author says, godliness and good learning were virtually inseparable, linked together by the quest for truth. 'What is a college without a chapel?' That might be the first part of one of the riddles greatly beloved by our Victorian ancestors. And the answer to that enigma was 'an angel without wings'. Unhappily the angel lost its wings as the century grew older. Mr. Newsome has no difficulty in convincing us that the angels lost their wings when manliness took the place of godliness. *Tom Brown's Schooldays* marks the change. When it appeared in serial form it was commended to the public as 'vigorous, manly and thoroughly English'. The change is also marked by the description of Fraser, Lee's successor in the see of Manchester, as 'a thoroughly healthy bishop'. Perhaps it was also summed up in the description of Leslie Stephen, 'the Lord delighteth in a pair of sturdy legs'. The sub-title of the famous school story *The Hill* was 'A Romance of Friendship. A fine, wholesome and thoroughly manly story'. But manliness,

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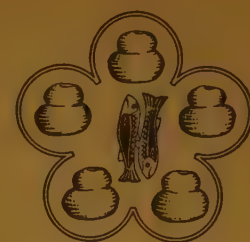
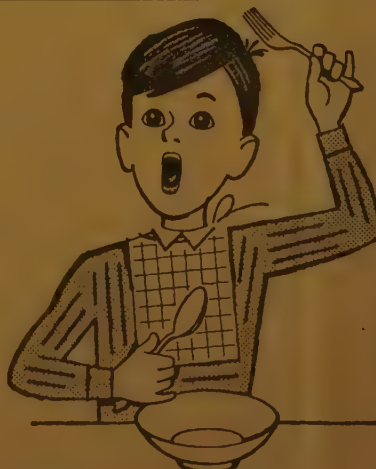
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in the sense in which it was used from the eighteen-sixties onwards, and particularly implying prowess at games, could lead to a kind of perpetual childishness. For when Arnold exhorted his boys to be manly he meant something totally different—that they should put away childish things. The contrast between the frivolity of children and the dignity of the adult might well be pondered by us all this winter. How fortunate that we have in Mr. Newsome's book the chance to take our lesson from a master who is delightful, perceptive, and enthralling.

ROGER FULFORD

New Poetry

A Tropical Childhood. By Edward Lucie-Smith.
Oxford. 10s. 6d.

Fairground Music. By John Fuller.
Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

A Smell of Burning. By Thomas Blackburn.
Putnam. 10s. 6d.

Johnny Alleluia. By Charles Causley. Hart-Davis.
12s. 6d.

I DON'T THINK there is much need to invoke the Movement to explain the Augustanism of Edward Lucie-Smith. The English have such an inborn affinity for the neo-classic. (I remember my surprise when I actually saw Palladio's villas, so small and scruffy after those splendid English photographs.) And Edward Lucie-Smith's style is English Palladian; it has the classic calm of the English gentleman. A tropical childhood is as much in place here as a stone pineapple on the park wall. His poems are the distillations of a dozen cool, composed novels of the nineteen-fifties, narcissistic, fatalistic, exact in their rendering of childhood glories and humiliations, concerned in the present about separateness and emotional impotence, but meeting all disturbing annunciations with a civil nod. Lucie-Smith seems to have taken this subject-matter as literary common property and by sheer intelligence and competence to have made something fresh out of it. The utterly formal verse, the total absence of any sense of strain or difficulty overcome, might prejudice one unfairly against this poet, who has a real scrupulousness and inventiveness. The immaculate lucidity of a poem like 'Poet in Winter' is a genuine achievement, if rather a minor one.

John Fuller's first collection is more of a puzzle. It seems to be a try-out for various styles and kinds of poem; which will be his right direction I can't guess, and nor perhaps can he. One can divide the poems perhaps into the ones that are 'about' something and the ones that merely present—though even that distinction doesn't work entirely. One or two of the poems have definite themes, e.g., the stony ideal versus the living flesh. Leontes in 'Leontes, Solus' secretly wants Hermione to remain a statue and not to come to life; in 'The Statue' the serene humanity of the Greek sculpture begins to look inhuman and sadistic beside a living human face. Other poems merely work by juxtaposition and montage: for instance 'Band Music'. Baby among the cabbages is frightened by cows; Betty runs to comfort him, while Ernest shoos the cows away. Brass bands play from the cottage radio. Cabbages and cottages and bandsmen and Betty's blouse melt into one tableau. It is like an animated Victorian scrapbook, or perhaps a zoetrope. In the title poem, 'Fairground Music', the form of which is itself designed to spin like a zoetrope, King Cyrus's cavalry melt into roundabout horses and his warriors into the whirling figures of 'a turning box'. Elsewhere Fuller uses the techniques of another 'turning box', the cinema. The curious and striking 'Morvin' is like a flash-back sequence from a Bergman film. Idling in some southern resort, a statesman, exiled by a populist *coup d'état* is reminded by a fireworks show of the flames and shots of revolution—a visual simile of a thoroughly cinematic kind. It is a brilliant and evocative poem, rich like Bergman's films in hints of significance, and no more substantial I think. The verse-handling in this collection is often distinguished and attractive:

And Earth with rooks and bell-ropes swinging make
Bright Sunday mornings in her antique style

But what is Fuller, I wonder? A fabricator of toys, a sort of poetical Fornassetti, or something much more considerable?

Thomas Blackburn's new volume should add to his reputation. It has strength of feeling, a rational eloquence, a theme thoroughly focused and explored. The theme is, you might say, the Freudian quest, the attempt to thread the Cretan maze of the heart. What the insights and dramas of his poems deal with is emotional inheritance. They are concerned in a Freudian sense with destiny and the escape from destiny (there are echoes of *The Family Reunion*). The heart inherits its own blackness and furies, and can be aware of nothing but these in others. And until it has pursued and placated its own furies it is an infection to others:

And have I put upon your shoulders then,
What in myself I have refused to bear,
My own and the confusion of dead men,
You of all these, my daughter, made my heir,
The furies and the griefs of which I stayed
Quite unaware?

The quotation gives an idea of the strong syntactical nerve of his style: a declamatory style, but with the declamation kept under a tight rein. He has one odd and disastrous fault. He doesn't realize that if you are going to introduce colloquial dialogue into verse it had better be colloquial. "Have a good night", she says, "you've but to ring . . .". "A door", he murmured, "a door bruised mother's eye?" It is agonizing; though of course Hardy did worse.

I have liked and admired Charles Causley in the past. He seemed to me a brilliant *pasticheur*, in the Betjeman class. What he did was something perfectly genuine and enjoyable: the only question was what name to give it. His new collection has left me less sure about him. Brilliant he still seems. But genuine? What Causley's style depends on, whether or not he is actually writing a ballad, is the inexactness of ballad epithets and similes. Ballads never describe; they merely present traditional properties with their habitual though potent epithets, such as 'blood-red'; and sometimes, as in 'his brown sword', the epithet is the more potent for not being descriptive. Causley, whether he is parodying the ballad style ('with hair as white as gin') or is writing in a serious modernist manner ('An exclamation of black baking olives') similarly depends on your not trying to fuse the halves of his metaphors into a unity. His work lies in the gap between epithets and nouns, and his virtuosity is a matter of widening the gap to almost total dissimilarity ('basilicas of birds'), or narrowing it to something which is very nearly descriptive, but essentially not quite ('the stropping sea'). *Prima facie*, of course, there is nothing wrong with it as a way of writing. It depends whether this kind of fancifulness (it is Coleridge's Fancy as opposed to Imagination) is used to some genuinely expressive purpose, and I am not sure that it is here. If the epithets are parasitic on their nouns, the poems themselves are parasitic in a more fundamental sense; they don't seem to retain their connexion with the experience which prompts them. There certainly was a thin but genuine poem in 'Sailors Asleep in a Cinema'—the defenceless postures of the sailors sleeping as the film winds on reminding the poet of his dead war-time comrades, helpless too in their graves as the world does likewise. But the poem is still-born, overlaid by tricky alliteration and bravura metaphor, smothered by the mistletoe of false style.

P. N. FURBANK

Variables of Green

Grass-green and aspen-green,
Laurel-green and sea-green,
Fine-emerald-green,
And many another hue:
As green commands the variables of green
So love my many loves of you.

ROBERT GRAVES

New Books on Gardening



THE 10,000,000 gardeners who are estimated to practise, for pleasure or perforce, our outstanding national hobby have been well served by the publishers this autumn. From a multitude of titles, here are six new books which seem to me to add something worth while to our knowledge and which combine authority with readability.

Collins Guide to Bulbs, by Patrick M. Syngé (Collins, 30s.): for years we have lacked a popular yet comprehensive handbook on bulbous and allied flowers, and now that Mr. Syngé has decisively and brilliantly closed the gap it is not difficult to see why. A compilation such as this, involving the selection, classification, and description of many thousands of species and varieties, demands exceptional qualities which, fortunately, the present author has at his command. As well as true bulbs and corms, plants with tubers and rhizomes come within the scope of this guide. A section explains their various uses and summarizes seasonal routines.

Cottage Garden Flowers, by Margery Fish (Collingridge, 21s.): the thatched cottage with roses round the door may be passing into history or mythology, but Mrs. Fish is determined that its flowers shall not go the same way. Here she tells of her efforts and researches to save from

oblivion those 'good-tempered and pleasing plants', such as astrantias, fumitory, herbs, daisies, and wallflowers which have been the pride and joy of British cottage gardens for centuries past. With her happy gift for investing all the plants she loves with a personality, yet never falling into self-conscious whimsy, the author brings these and many other plants to vivid life in her pages.

The Small Shrub Garden, by Judith M. Berrisford (Faber, 30s.): the notion of shrubs as a principal feature in the small garden is perhaps novel but certainly attractive when labour-saving is the *sine qua non*. This book shows how, in a variety of circumstances, maintenance can be reduced to the minimum by the proper choice and use of shrubs which will, at the same time, ensure that the garden never lacks colour or interest in any month of the year.

Delphiniums, by Ronald Parrett (Penguin Handbook, 5s.): the evolution of the modern delphinium is among the most spectacular achievements of the plant breeder, and one to which Mr. Parrett has himself made an important contribution. He discusses the work of the Langdons, Bishop, and Reinelt, which has wrought a transformation in the flower in the post-war period, following with chapters on the

place of the delphinium in the garden, in the house and on the show-bench and notes on propagation, the control of pests and diseases, and breeding. His selection of worth-while named varieties is accompanied by many excellent photographs, and the pictorial method also amplifies descriptions of cultural operations.

Successful Gardening Indoors, edited by Roy Hay (C. Arthur Pearson, 25s.). The wave of enthusiasm for flowering and foliage plants as an integral feature of decoration for rooms seems to be gathering momentum, due perhaps to the provision of more congenial and equable conditions in our houses. To the present symposium five leading specialists in different aspects of indoor gardening have each contributed a section. Their combined efforts have produced a handbook of exceptional interest and authority.

Percy Thrower's *Picture Book of Gardening* (Collingridge, 18s.): here is your chance, 'Gardening Club' viewers, to capture Percy Thrower in action; to have him at your call whenever and wherever you may need his advice.

JOHN SAMBROOK

Mr. Sambrook discusses books on gardening on December 1—'In Your Garden' (Network Three)



Recent Books on Bridge



IF YOUR undergraduate nephew or widowed aunt is a committed bridge player, what should you give as a Christmas book?

As there is no new bidding system with which to stimulate their readers, most of the bridge writers are at present marking time, content to clothe old principles in new dress. Alan Truscott, who with his team-mates carried off the European championship, caters for those who have never taken a hand and who wish to understand the fundamentals of bidding and play (*Bridge: Successful Play Starting from First Principles*, Oldbourne, 8s. 6d.). He covers a great deal of ground and, like all modern experts, he describes, or values, hands by points. I think that it is a mistake for the beginner not to think in terms of 'quick' tricks, for in this way he learns to visualize, at the same time as he values, particular cards.

Terence Reese (Penguin Handbook, 3s. 6d.) has provided us with several new confections, and his trenchant style makes the mixtures palatable even if they are much the same as of yore. The best value for money is to be found in the Penguin Handbook, and it makes an admirable second primer for those who have recently taken to bridge. I was impressed by Mr. Reese's effort to cover pre-emptive bidding in a small space, whereas Truscott fought shy of this issue by asserting that the only commonplace barrage bid is the opening of Three of a suit. What terrible shocks are in store for the beginner!

The most expensive, if not the most substantial, book of the year is *The Acol System*

Today (Arnold, 18s.). Terence Reese has always been considered the high priest of Acol, and with the aid of his acolyte Albert Dormer he restates his methods with some flashy new trimmings. Some of these bright ideas have not, I fear, been put to a sufficient test in first-class company, and I venture to assert that the author does not employ all his latest gadgets.

A bid for which I have a cordial distaste is the opening Three No Trumps with a solid seven-card minor and no more than a king or a queen on the side. When an opponent doubles, you do not take cover in the minor suit but leave any running to your partner. If he holds five spades headed by the ace king, he is expected to retire into a three-card minor. You see why you will need a highly trained partner. Another dangerous bid is the light non-vulnerable overcall, with as little as ace queen to four of a suit and one king. The merit of the call is that it 'deprives the next player of his One over One response'. The obvious snag, which is not mentioned, is that any ordinary partner will raise you until you are doubled, unless he has undergone a course of training in a Trappist monastery. I find nothing in this book to suggest that the special new bids are not designed for rubber bridge; they may be admirable in a Pairs competition, but I cannot afford them.

Victor Mollo (*Bridge: Modern Bidding*, Faber, 9s. 6d.) examines the latest developments in bidding. He is not an addict of systems, and he prefers to pick out the cream from them. I may be old-fashioned, but I think that some of the fresh cream goes quickly rather sour. Emphasis

on the principle of preparedness can be carried too far. It is all very well to make the cheapest response to your partner's opening bid in order to allow him manoeuvring space; but I am not convinced that a bid of Two Clubs is a commercial reply to One Spade with ♠ 7 6 3 ♥ A K 4 3 2 ♦ 3 ♣ 6 5 4 3.

Closer, perhaps, than Mollo to the general trend in modern practice is the treatise on rubber bridge by the late Pierre Albarran and Pierre Jais (*How to Win at Rubber Bridge*, Barrie and Rockcliff, 18s.) which has been admirably pruned by Terence Reese. It provides a bidding language which most of us speak and all of us understand.

The only book from America on my shelf (*How to Win at Bridge with Any Partner*, Faber, 15s.) is an attempt by Mr. Sam Fry, Jr., to wean his readers from artificialities in which most English players do not indulge. He believes that the art of winning is to be kind to your partners; so a better title for his work would be: *How to Bid and Make Friends*. As the author gives only three complete deals in which half the players engaged must certainly have become enemies, I am not much impressed by his methods. Many of us do not share his admiration for American bidding and are likely to prefer a work, such as Mollo's, which provides a more substantial bridge diet.

EDWARD MAYER

Another recent bridge book is *Bridge in 20 Lessons* by Philip Anderton (Bell, 11s. 6d.).



'Bridge Quiz': Final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE FINAL of the current advanced 'Bridge Quiz' in Network Three matched two established stars, Mr. Boris Schapiro and Mr. Michael Wolach, with two of the brightest young prospects, Mr. John Collings and Mr. Ronnie Crown. Youth was the better served in the first part of the contest, the play problem.

WEST	EAST
♠ K Q J 10 9 5	♠ 8 7
♥ 7	♥ 3 2
♦ 10 7 6 2	♦ A K Q 9
♣ 8 3	♣ A 6 5 4 2

West opens Three Spades and East raises to Four Spades, the final contract. North leads the two of spades. After some thought South plays the four of spades. How should West plan the play?

South's deliberation clearly marks him with the ace of spades. He would be most likely to hold it up if he had three spades and only one diamond. In that case he could win the second spade, lead a diamond, and subsequently enter his partner's hand with a heart in order to take a diamond ruff. The declarer can foil this plan by leading a heart at trick 2. Three of the four competitors spotted this play, and Mr. Collings earned a bonus point by saying that if the defence led a second heart, the declarer should discard a club from hand in order to ensure his quick communication.

Mr. Crown and Mr. Collings led by nine points to four when the players began what proved to be the most contentious part of the programme. The players all answered four bidding questions relating to the following hand:

♠ Q J 8 5 ♥ 8 7 4 2 ♦ A K 6 5 ♣ Q

In the first three questions you are the fourth to speak, with neither side vulnerable.

- | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|
| (1) | 1 H | 2 C | No | ? |
| (2) | 1 H | 2 C | 2 H | ? |
| (3) | 1 H | 2 C | 2 S | ? |

To the first question both Mr. Schapiro and Mr. Wolach answered Two Diamonds and Mr. Collings Three Clubs. In the view of the judges the weakness of the Two Diamond bid was that if partner were to pass, and the bid is not generally regarded as forcing, it was unlikely that the contract would have been improved. No Bid and Two Hearts were the recommended responses—Two Hearts on the grounds that, if there was a possible game contract, then this was the bid most likely to lead to it. It was the bid most likely to induce partner to bid either spades or No Trumps if he were in a position to do so.

Mr. Schapiro and Mr. Wolach favoured Two Spades and Double respectively on the second question. This time the judges felt that there was a good case for a raise to Three Clubs (a) because the hand was likely to fit better and (b) because the fact that everybody was able to bid strengthened the presumption that partner's main value was in the length of his club suit.

On question 3 the popular choice was Double, but since the Two Spade bid is forcing it seems preferable to wait for the better chance which may come later.

In the fourth question partner was supposed to have opened One Club, to which you respond One Diamond. Partner now rebids One Heart. What should you bid?

Three of the competitors voted for Three Hearts, and Mr. Crown for Four Hearts. The judges slightly preferred One Spade to Three Hearts, which got the consolation award. Their view was that, with such poor hearts, the hand might well play better in No Trumps. If partner rebid One No Trump a bid of Three Hearts would keep both doors open.

All four questions involved close decisions,

and certainly the competitors made strong cases for their own answers. Mr. Collings and Mr. Crown, whose views coincided more closely with those of the judges, led by sixteen to eight at the end of this episode. This was the final test, a bidding exercise.

West deals. North-South Game.

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 10 8 7	♠ 4
♥ None	♥ K Q 9 5 3 2
♦ A 9 8 4	♦ K Q 7
♣ K 10 9 4	♣ Q 8 2

Mr. Collings and Mr. Crown finished better than at one time seemed likely:

WEST (Collings)	EAST (Crown)
1 S	2 H
2 S	3 D
3 N.T.	No

Mr. Collings explained that the diamond bid by his partner might simply have been a forcing bid, not necessarily related to a diamond holding, and he therefore judged it wise not to advance too far. Three No Trumps scored five points out of ten.

WEST (Schapiro)	EAST (Wolach)
1 S	2 H
2 S	3 D
4 D	4 H
No	

Mr. Schapiro viewed the Three Diamond bid differently. Four Hearts failed to score. Two No Trumps would have scored a maximum. The judges felt that that should have been East's second bid, and that West would surely have passed.

Mr. Crown and Mr. Collings, convincing throughout the series, were comfortable winners by twenty-one points to eight.

The Sad Joys of Middle Age

I CANNOT DENY I regret that youth is gone: not so much because I am no longer young as because, when I was young, I didn't really know it, and thus missed many opportunities of using youth as now I wish I had. Perhaps there are some young men and women who have the natural wisdom to know the marvel of being young, to enjoy this and make it fruitful; but many of us must admit that when we were young we longed to be something else: we were perplexed, often unhappy, at being what we were: despite our hope and strength, the world seemed too hostile, too impenetrable, for us to enjoy and use it fully.

So one sad joy of being middle-aged is that most of us can love youth as we never could when we were part of it. I have written two books about the young—one when I was thirty-seven, another when I was forty-four—and in

these sympathetic critiques have felt there is fondness for the young, and understanding of them. But I could never have written in this way when I was in my twenties, simply because I did not really care for people of my age; did not feel their attraction; and could not see their difficulties from outside.

I have also discovered, to my surprised delight, that when you are middle-aged, young people—provided you like them—can be affectionate towards you in ways they cannot be to one another. So that it would seem to love youth, and be loved by it, one must first lose it.

Our other greatest joy-in-sadness seems to me to be that at last we can begin to understand ourselves a bit, as well as understand the world a little. To find out what one can do in this world, and even more the things one certainly can not, is the chief key to happiness, or at any

rate some sort of equilibrium; and for the very young it is almost impossible to discover what they really are, what they can do, and what they never can.

If we look back with greater illumination, we must also certainly look forward. A wisdom of the Hindu people is that towards their later-middle years they begin to prepare themselves for death. One begins not a process of rejection, or acquiescence, or lament, but one, so to speak, of purification, of elimination in one's life of anything that is not essential: a preparation that is positive, even joyful. To do this when young I believe is almost impossible: so that perhaps the greatest sorrow of a young death is not just that it happens but that the young man or woman snatched away has had no chance to prepare for what has come.

COLIN MACINNES

—From 'As I See It' (General Overseas Service)

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

If only . . .

JOHN FREEMAN'S 'Face to Face' in Africa, with Jomo Kenyatta (November 26), did not delve much deeper than the interviewer in London a few weeks back. The chief surprise was to find that Mr. Kenyatta, whom I'd always thought to be in his fifties, is, as far as he knows, seventy-one.

It is unfair to expect a politician who hopes to become the statesman of a newly independent nation within a year to be frank. If he were, it would show his incapacity as either politician or statesman. In a tribal community, optimistic vagueness is the mortar which may bind the bricks of local sentiment into a national edifice.

As entertainment, or inquisitorial probe, this interview was unsatisfactory. We were no further at the end than we were at the beginning. Mr. Macmillan or General de Gaulle could not have been more unrevealing. This makes me feel a certain confidence in Jomo Kenyatta as the leader of independent Kenya—with the corollary that if I were a European with a family settled there, I should unsettle myself as soon as possible.

If Sir Fitzroy Maclean's travelogue 'The End of All the Earth' (November 21) had been about some easily accessible area, such as one of the poles, the summit of Mount Everest, or the crater of Vesuvius, one would have complained that it had three beginnings, a wonky middle, and a highly speculative end. But to have a report on the Stalin country by someone who has had long personal and family connexions with Georgia is worth any technical incompetence.

Sir Fitzroy's thesis was that Mr. Khrushchev's endeavour to create one Soviet people out of cultures so diverse is unlikely to succeed because of the pull of historic traditions on the old, on the one hand, and, on the other, the contrary pull of the *Weltzeitgeist* on the young. It was a complicated thesis. We saw middle-aged Stalins strolling the streets and gangs of Georgian teen-agers using sartorial symbols of revolt common to the West. Just as the babies

either side of the Iron Curtain are equally vulnerable to Strontium 90, so apparently adolescents can be infected by the same antibodies to propagandist infection.

What I looked for in vain was the attitude of the power groups, aged twenty-five to forty, in whose hands the executive present and the immediate planning future lies. Will they at fifty look like amiable Stalins? or amiable Khrushchevs?

'Panorama' (November 20) cast an inquisitive eye on the shortage of nurses (which the Government's Immigration Bill will make worse). Why you can't get into hospital is more likely to be due to shortage of nurses than of beds. Ex-nurses discussed reasons, subjective ('Not like Emergency Ward 10') and objective



The matron of Crawley hospital being interviewed in 'Panorama' on November 20



Jomo Kenyatta talking 'Face to Face' with John Freeman

Dimbleby told us, and we were led by various news items during the week to believe that when the Conservative House of Commons and the Labour L.C.C. had both proved that the guilt lay with the other party, they might find time to think of those without homes. Macdonald Hastings went house-hunting for a morning, and in 'Tonight' (November 24) reported finding homes which could accommodate forty of the 600 homeless families. This was very naughty, because to allow property owners to leave houses empty to develop them when leases fall due is our ancient peace-time privilege. Only in wartime does the Government consider it imperative to house the homeless.

Booby-prize for the week went to 'A Dog's Life' (November 24), the silliest of the 'Let's Imagine' programmes so far. Lady Munnings, a television natural, became so embarrassed that she lost her script in her bag. C. Gordon Glover, looking as if tortured on the rack, drove home the panel-pins of his dog-hate with a knapping-hammer, and Max Adrian with a script stripped of wit walked through the programme like a bather through a hotel lounge who has changed in his bedroom and lost his slip in the sea.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL



From 'The End of All the Earth': teen-agers in a street in Tiflis, Georgia

('Battle-axe matrons and more house-work than nursing') for having left the service. Crawley hospital, an admirable building with a fine staff spirit, indicated the future, if only the Government . . .

Famine relief among the Masai, and a detailed account of the disaster and how it could be overcome, helped put into perspective the terrifying photograph of the dying child in *The Sunday Times* of November 12. Everything would be all right, if only the Government and private charity . . .

Private charity had helped some of the London homeless, Richard

DRAMA

A Hanging Has Been Arranged

WAR PLAYS automatically stir much long-established national prejudice or are intended to damp it down. Both of these processes belong in my view to the practice of propaganda more than to the true theatre. No offence to good propagandist dramatists is meant but plenty to the general run of them—a dreary lot.

The prisoner-of-war camp as a setting helps a writer to preserve the unities and induces claustrophobic tension. It is the sort of scene of action which used to be recommended to writers of radio plays; and the escaping adventure aspect of the situation made many best-sellers and a library of books which were no books. I was ill-prepared, consequently, for *Cross of Iron*, by Lukas Heller (November 19), and immediately after seeing it was uncertain whether there might not have been something factitious in the strong feeling it induced in me. However, in tranquil recollection, which critics need just as much as their betters, I still think the play truthful, convincing, and justified in its horror.



Ellen Pollock (left) as Dr. Mary Carter and Barbara Murray as Dr. Anna Hastings in the first episode of *The Escape of R.D.7*

The theme was the arrival in a British prison camp of a German submarine commander who had apparently surrendered his U-boat without a fight and without organizing a ritual communal suicide. The prisoners, bored, mainly Nazi, hungry for cigarettes and drama, and driven to unaccustomed reflection, need a scapegoat. Almost before Korvetten-Kapitän Hartmann (Albert Lieven) appears, a hanging has been arranged. But the ceremony of court-martial must be gone through, and the discovery of the qualities of character of the prisoners and the new man is inevitable and necessary. Hauptmann Denker (Joseph Furst), appointed defending counsel because of his unpopularity, became an interestingly complicated figure. Detached but well meaning, he told his client the worst too soon, did his best for him with sane reservations, suffered tobacco-hunger and fear of the enclosed mob plausibly, and survived.

The hero-victim, though non-Nazi, became anti-Nazi only when the law of his Service was plainly being broken—a credible pattern of conduct. And the lynching mob and its leaders were clearly shown to be conditioned to a fragile discipline, sentimental as well as brutal, and vulnerable to melodramatic scenes. The British officers and other ranks were presented as slightly more naïve and a little less rigidly conditioned than their captives—which, in a propagandist world, strikes me as fair enough.

The ending of these painful proceedings was a trifle hard to fake, though quite possible. I am more likely to remember other crises—the moment when Hartmann asked his defender: 'What makes you so sure that I am innocent?'; the moment when the political prosecutor asked him who he thought was going to win the war; and the squabble amongst British other-ranks about fraternization.

Cross of Iron, which Rudolph Cartier produced without visible fuss, was a play. I repeat that we could do with more than one play per week.

'The Charlie Chester Music Hall' (November 19) was tolerable but undistinguished. Whereas it is generally good that the braces of stars should be invisibly but publicly removed, it gets tedious in the long run. Nor is the appeal of child performers any more universal than that of comical references to Field-Marshal Montgomery.

Last week's Maigret was the better for the appearance of Henry Oscar as Inspector Lognon. The new serial, *The Escape of R.D.7*, has a fetching delinquent medical heroine in Barbara Murray. But this 'bug queen' works in a lab. whose routine and discipline must distress thousands of research scientists and their mates. And attached as we all are to the higher rat, and his ability to foil the best-laid plans of inquiring men, he is not enough in himself as a cause of drama; nor is simple sex; nor is family nagging. Still, the serial has only just started.

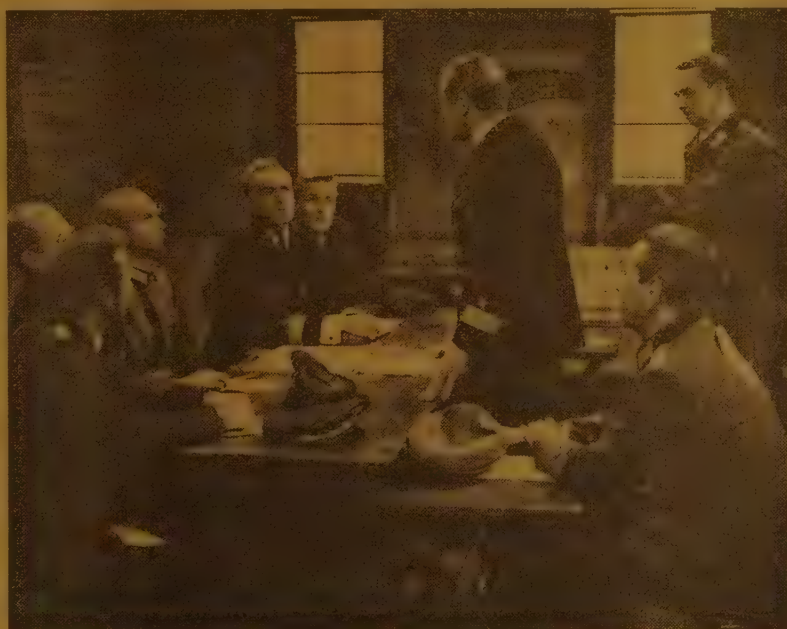
FREDERICK LAWS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Hospital Hell

MARTIN ESSLIN's production of Dino Buzzati's *A Hospital Case* (Third Programme, November 22), which was translated and adapted by Henry



Cross of Iron: Nazi officers in a British prisoner-of-war camp holding an unofficial trial of a new captive for surrendering his submarine: seated, centre, at table, Anton Diffring as Korvetten-Kapitän Griesch; standing, facing him, Albert Lieven as Korvetten-Kapitän Hartmann

Reed, introduced an Italian writer whose work ought to be better known. The hero of the play was Giovanni Corte, a tough tycoon who under the stress of work begins to hear voices. He spurns medical advice but his family trick him into visiting a large hospital where the surgeons, all-powerful, take control. Once he is inside the hospital he slowly finds that he is as powerless and as helpless as any of the other inmates of more lowly origin. He is given a bed on the seventh floor where the fitter patients are kept, but it is not long before the descent into the hell of the lower floors begins. At each descent Professor Claretta, the institution's Mephistopheles (Nigel

Davenport), persuades Corte (Stephen Murray) that his fears are childish. On the third floor he meets a patient (Patrick Magee) who has become so institutionalized that he hates even the thought of the world outside. At the end Corte is visited by his own doctor and his mother, who try to persuade him to leave. But the man who was once a lion has been destroyed by the polite inhumanity of the technicians.

Buzzati is a journalist, and on the surface the play makes a journalistic comment on the inhuman efficiency of the modern hospital where the interests of medical science often supersede the patients' spiritual needs. But the part played by the voices heard by Corte introduces the larger theme that all struggle is a movement towards death. Death is symbolized by a spectral woman seen by Corte's mother, a simple woman who believes her to be the author of the voices. Signor Buzzati thus succeeds in writing a modern Morality which offers the message

that destruction ultimately waits for even the proudest. Mr. Esslin's production, which made excellent use of radiophonic effects, suggested that there was here a forceful play with not a few moments of great theatre.

John Wain's *Hurry On Down* (Home Service, November 20) was not recognized as a significant novel when it appeared in 1953 but it is clear now that it typifies the 'fifties. Its hero, Charles Lumley, was the first of the post-war Sorrels, and though the literary quality of Mr. Wain's story is equal to the standard of the minor comedy practised by Mr. Evelyn Waugh, it is the social commentary, which is more relevant than Mr. Waugh's, that makes the book important. Mr. Wain was the first to observe the social consequences of giving university education, with its middle-class flavour, to one of those who had sprung in the post-war years from the educationally dispossessed.

Lumley's tragi-comedy is that he has absorbed the true lessons of education and doesn't regard a degree as a means to social advance-



Rupert Davies (left) as Inspector Maigret, Henry Oscar as Inspector Lognon, and Delphi Lawrence as Mathilde in a scene from *Inspector Lognon's Triumph* on November 20

ment alone. He takes a series of dead-end jobs which are all symbolic of post-war social development, and he quickly finds himself outlawed by his new intellectual equals and his old social equals.

Because Mr. Wain has a literary talent to match his sense of aggravation—I will not call it anger—Charles Lumley's story makes much more sense in terms of motivation than most of the stories and plays which followed it and canonized the Angry Young Man. Lumley knows what is wrong; he has been educated to fit a society which no longer exists. His plaint is not that society is hateful or that it owes him a living but that society will not leave him alone. He is a doll who has been dressed for a part he does not want to dance. At the end he finds a niche writing gags for a Variety show, a job which illustrates superbly the false deployment of his talent.

Charles Lumley is forced into misemployment, but the same cannot be said of Eric Ewens who adapted the novel brilliantly. Alec McCowen played Lumley and the play was produced by William Glen-Doepel.

John Bowen's *The Essay Prize* (Home, November 25) introduced the problems facing a second-generation Lumley in the person of the son of a widowed schoolmaster who cherished illusory dreams of Oxford life. The father fancies himself as a writer, and out of jealousy deprives his son of an essay prize at school. The son takes his revenge by not writing a word in a scholarship examination at his father's old college. The father is then humbled, but all ends well as the boy gets an ordinary place at the college. This is a very brash account of the play which contained some fine observations of conversation at a Writers' Circle and some good thoughts about the dangers of living a part.

I have never felt so acutely the sense of wasted time listening to a play as I did when I heard Howard Clewes's *Clash of Arms* (Home, November 25). Its setting in an Algerian town no doubt commended it at Television Centre as a means of using one of those 'abroad' sets. The hero was a gun-runner, who took ninety minutes to get himself arrested by a Queeg police chief and who engaged in a love affair with a nymphet that must have been excruciating to watch and was even more painful to listen to. Sensitive of the insult implied by the banality of the dialogue, I was annoyed further by the thought that Mr. Clewes has set his Ruritanian charade in French Algeria. Perhaps Television Drama Department will ask Henri Alleg to write them a play set in Algeria. They could do with it.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD



Three 'Portraits'

IT IS SURPRISING to have in one week's listening three 'portraits' which can be linked under one heading: Augustus John, Henry of Anjou, and George Sand seem to have very little in common, yet after hearing the three programmes Milton's aphorism 'Simple, sensuous, and passionate' seemed to sum up their individual characters.

On November 19 in the Home Service we heard the recorded conversations between Augustus John and Aled Vaughan which had taken place over recent years. The talk was simple—of Wales, the gypsies, friends, but not art. In a note in *Radio Times* we are told that John was insistent he did not want to talk about art, that he 'did' it rather than spoke about it. It was a simple conversation between two Welshmen, proud of their birthright and fluent in their speech. When asked if he drew the gypsies, John said he consorted with them, but

never set up an easel. He drew them from memory later on. There was a simple dignity about everything he said—even when he admitted that although he could not remember a word of Dylan Thomas's poetry, 'I remembered his voice'.

It was this graciousness that had impressed me on our first meeting in 1945. I was in my early twenties, and, having heard so many tales about him, I had fully expected a rowdy figure—I was amazed to find him quiet and subdued. I was with another friend, a poet and a great admirer of John's. As we were leaving, I remarked how sad and pathetic our meeting had been, that there was a strange feeling of death about it all. My friend looked around: 'I can't bear the thought that one day Augustus will die. But he will go straight to Heaven!' Our youth must have made us feel that a man in his late sixties had reached the end of life. It was delightful to listen to Augustus John in these recordings speak with zest and keen interest of the things he had done and the things he still hoped to do. We were told beforehand that John refused to take his pipe out of his mouth while speaking—this only added to the conversations that individuality which Augustus John is so well remembered for.

'Henry of Anjou', in the Third Programme (November 21), was by far the best historical portrait we have heard. I normally groan when I know that actors will be re-living the dead—there is usually an artificiality about such portraits which leaves one totally unconvinced of the authenticity of the characters involved. In this programme, however, it was the reverse. It was tastefully produced by Miss Nesta Pain, and one believed in Henry of Anjou, Peter of Blois, Geraldus Cambrensis, and the others. Henry's grief on the death of Becket was passionate and simple, yet Cambrensis could say of Anjou, 'He loved the dead better than he loved the living'. There was little love lost between these two men, and the simplicity with which this was conveyed made it genuine and understandable.

George Sand has always fascinated me, both as a writer and as a woman. After spending nearly three years in Majorca, my interest has deepened. Although she is spoken about in the most scathing terms, the Majorcans would not find their country the tourist attraction it is if it had not been for George Sand. One knows all the stories about her, and yet one knows nothing. It all seems make-believe, or according to Mr. Robert Baldick, 'legend'. In the Third Programme (November 23) we heard a defence of George Sand in 'The Lady of Nohant' by Mr. Baldick, Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford: 'Like most legends, it is inaccurate'. And he went on to discuss her attitude to love and her belief in fidelity: 'She would live with a man for years if she did love him', and quoted her eight years with Chopin as an instance. Mr. Baldick believes that she actually prolonged Chopin's life by her motherly care and devotion, whereas most people believe she did the opposite. In the Valldemosan Monastery where she lived with Chopin and her two young children, the cells they occupied are now the chief tourist attraction on the island. Her book *Winter in Majorca*, the edition with annotations by Robert Graves, is a best-seller, despite its antagonism towards the climate and the people. Her immorality still shocks the islanders, but of her work they know little, if anything.

Mr. Baldick feels it is only through re-reading her novels that we can find anything of her real nature. She has been blamed for writing too much—but is facility a vice, Mr. Baldick asks? It was this facility that caused her lover Alfred de Musset to say, 'We worked all day. By evening I had written ten lines of verse and drunk a bottle of brandy. She had drunk two

pints of milk and written half a volume'. A move could be made to restoring her reputation as one of France's greatest writers if one of her novels were translated and adapted for radio. Most people know of George Sand only through her lovers—it would be refreshing for them to know her as a great woman, simple, sensuous, and passionate.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



Carmen restored

PEOPLE WHO love *Carmen*, which is to say almost everyone, must have been all ears to hear the 'new music' in the Sadler's Wells production (Home Service, November 22). In the presentation there was hardly time, perhaps, to go into the whole fascinating story of Bizet's unknown music for this opera, and one or two facts may be added. There are two versions of *Carmen*: the original version, given at the Opéra-Comique and interspersed with spoken dialogue, according to a tradition at this intimate opera house; and the 'grand opera' version, now usually heard, in which parts of the spoken dialogue were set to music as recitatives by Ernest Guiraud. The original version contained passages omitted from the later version, and some of these, which appear in Bizet's manuscripts, are restored in the Sadler's Wells production, which also has the merit of restoring some of the spoken dialogue, freely and often amusingly adapted in a colloquial manner by Tom Hammond and John Barton.

Two points emerge here. The original spoken parts were extremely long, as in *Der Freischütz*, and obviously require to be cut. Yet they build up the characters with many interesting features. *Carmen*, for instance, besides being an irresistible vampire, was also known for her gluttony—she was always munching something. In regard to the restored musical sections we are faced with a more delicate problem. Those heard in the Sadler's Wells production include a short extension of the duet between Carmen and Don José in Act II, and some effective background music, under the spoken dialogue, in Act I. The most important 'new' section, however, is a substantial development of the duel scene in Act III. This is indeed splendid music which greatly enhances the bitter rivalry between Escamillo and Don José, and it is difficult to see why it should ever have been suppressed. I am told that the pages of this development were torn out of the orchestral score and have disappeared. What we heard, therefore, was a version of them, orchestrated in excellent taste, from the piano score by the American musicologist, Jan Meyerowitz.

The whole of Bizet's original score was recently given by Maurits Sillem with the Chelsea Opera Group at Oxford and Cambridge. This, with spoken dialogue, runs to over four hours. Obviously, in the restored original version, cuts have again to be made. What these should ideally be we shall better be able to judge when the original edition, together with all later additions and variants, is published next year by Choudens. It may be that we shall have to revise our conception of Carmen herself, a sadistic Maupassant character, when you come to think of it, and it is likely that several new versions will commend themselves. In one of them I hope the excellent recitatives will be retained, for Guiraud, who was incidentally the composer of the concert version of the *Fantasia* in Bizet's *Arlésienne* music, knew what he was about in making these tasteful additions. In the meantime, the Sadler's Wells version, as it came over the air, was decidedly lively. I should have liked more warmth of colour in the Carmen of Patricia Johnson, and also more body in

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THE SUNDAY TIMESTHE ABDICATION — &
THE THRONE TODAY

Twenty-five years ago the world watched in awe and wonder as a King of England abandoned his throne to marry the woman of his choice. Edward the Eighth was a popular king—"Teddy" to millions of his subjects—and his abdication, and events leading to it, split Britain and Empire into those "for" and "against". But supposing a similar royal crisis occurred *today*. . . . How would Britain react? Would political platform, Press and pulpit fight the same bitter battle on behalf of "Old Guard" and "New Guard"? And where would our modern social and political phenomena—the Aldermaston marchers, TV idols (real-life and fictional), Left-wing clerics, neo-Victorian monarchists and blue-blood abolitionists—fit into such a battle? This fascinating speculation is the basis of an article which will appear in THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday. Written by JOHN RAYMOND (who has made a special study of the Abdication), it is a brilliant re-assessment—after a quarter of a century of social revolution—of those critical weeks that shook Britain and the world.

Is There Life on Other
Planets? — Sir Bernard Lovell

Is there life on other planets? If so, is it an advanced civilisation compared with which our own civilisation is stone-age stuff? And have these advanced beings long since passed the critical stage which mankind now has reached—with the power of self-annihilation—and either succumbed or survived? What irreparable harm might earth space-rockets do to other evolving forms of life in the cosmos? In THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday SIR BERNARD LOVELL—Britain's top astronomer-scientist—poses these and other vital questions and traces the various paths open to man in his quest for the truth about outer space.

Eton's Head Master on
THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' DILEMMA

If Britain's public schools are to throw open their doors to many more bright children of poorer parents, who should pay their fees? The rate-payer through his local authority? Or the tax-payer through the Treasury? Should such free places be awarded solely on scholastic ability? And what harm might such skimming of the scholastic cream do to the country's *grammar schools*? This Sunday in THE SUNDAY TIMES the Head Master of Eton, DR. ROBERT BIRLEY, makes an expert evaluation of the public school system and the arguments for its retention or abolition.

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the Escamillo of Raimund Herinx. But there was some brisk orchestral playing under Colin Davis, and Donald Smith was an impassioned Don José, full of temperament.

Benjamin Britten's new cello sonata, written for Mstislav Rostropovitch, with whom he played it in an enchanting recital (Third, November 26), is teeming with ideas, nervous and alive, though not always boldly projected. The pizzicato writing in the Scherzo was delightful, but curiously enough the melodic ideas in this work were not long sustained. As everyone knows, Rostropovitch is a dream of a cellist, a poetic musician, relishing the curve of a phrase

or some detail of tone colour without the slightest hint of exhibitionism. But Britten, too, as a pianist, is almost in this class, as was clear from the beautiful ensemble in the sonatas of Schubert and Debussy. After the interval they played the 'Five Pieces' of Schumann with which, I confess, I was not familiar. They are magnificent lyrical pieces which I imagine we shall not soon hear again so wonderfully played.

I was glad to see that, unlike Walton's second symphony and other recent works of this highly accomplished composer, his *Gloria*, broadcast from Huddersfield under Sir Malcolm Sargent (Third, November 24), received a good press.

Perhaps it is that we critics, listening to so much music, are inclined to be impatient of composers who do not constantly surprise us with some new development. Walton happens to be a composer well settled in an individual style of his own, but which does not greatly expand. Anyone would see resemblances between his *Gloria*, massive and granite-like, and his *Troilus and Cressida*, and even more with his *Belshazzar's Feast*, which Walton himself conducted earlier in the week (Home, November 21). It is, however, an imposing work, none the worse for that.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Charles Ives and the Sonata

By WILFRID MELLERS

The Second and Fourth Violin Sonatas will be broadcast at 9.35 p.m. on Friday, December 8 (Third)



AS THE MUSIC of Ives has been belatedly disseminated, our sense of his freakishness has diminished. His oddity has become synonymous with his integrity: which makes him not only the first authentic American composer but also still the closest America has come to a great composer, parallel to her nineteenth-century literary giants. His audacity springs, indeed, from two characteristics that are the core of his Americanism: the pioneer's courage, his desire to hack a way through the forest; and a radical innocence without which he could hardly embark on so perilous an adventure. Ives was a complex man; yet his innocence shines through his literalism, his acceptance of the crude texture of life in provincial Danbury, Connecticut, where in 1874 he was born.

In that marvellous hot-gospeller's song *General Booth enters Heaven*, the percussive dissonances of the piano add the noises incidental to the experience felt, the scene described: the yawp of the out-of-tune instruments, the bump of the drum (often in the wrong place), the yells of the throng. Even the tonal meanderings and rhythmic dislocations of the vocal line are realistic: the singer, transported by enthusiasm, bellows off-key and distorts words in jazzy syncopation, as a means of making a rhetorical point. Yet the chaos is part of the music; the art is inseparable from the realism, which renders incarnate the heart of the gospeller's experience without denying its macabre comedy.

Such moments of truth were, however, for Ives only a starting point, for he believed that the more chaotic experience seemed, the greater was the artist's responsibility. This is why, like Beethoven, whom he revered above all composers, Ives was fascinated by the sonata as a means of seeking order from diversity; and his awareness of contradiction was (like Beethoven's again) so violent that it had to seek resolution in a transcendental act. While this does not mean that he approaches Beethoven's visionary sublimity, it does mean that he is a New World's stumbling approach to a figure of Beethovenian power: which is enough to ensure his place in history.

The complementary aspects of Ives's American experience—his raw, physical acceptance of the present moment and his search for metaphysical oneness beneath the flux—are potent in the two huge piano sonatas that stand at the centre of his life's work. In the First Sonata (1902-1910) the astonishing ragtime movements are moments of truth like *General Booth*. They bring to immediate reality a time and place: the bar-pianist's energy, the jangle of broken strings, the clusters of wrong notes, the tipsy croaking of hymns, floating on the smoke through the

half-opened door. But in the first and third movements the composer leaves his social environment and walks into the hills. Against the background of the American wilderness, the music cannot share Beethoven's positives; so the generating motive of minor second and minor third develops not through tonal conflict to resolution, but with an evolutionary, polymodal, polyharmonic, polyrhythmic freedom that suggests improvisation. A New World is liberated: yet in the last movement sweeps to a climax of purposeful grandeur. Man alone, communing with Nature, has achieved this assurance: which is not destroyed by the fact that in the last bar we hear, remote above the resonant E major triad, a broken statement of the original 'tension' motive.

In the Second Sonata (1909-1915), dedicated to the Concord Transcendentalists, sonata dualism is more evident, for there are two seminal motives, one the defiant motto from Beethoven's Fifth, the other a lyric, stepwise-moving figure. In the first movement, which presents Emerson as hero of American strife, the motives intermingle and change, being protean like life itself, while the Will attempts, but fails, to subdue them. In the Hawthorne movement the Will no longer fights; the motives float like flotsam, keyless, almost rhythmless, on the waters of the unconscious, while reminiscences of daytime experience (the circus-band episode, the love-song through the mist) well up between sleeping and waking. In the third movement we are in the everyday world, in the Alcotts' parlour, where *Little Women* is written while Beethoven's Fifth is literally played on, and hymns are sung to, the upright piano. The static diatonicism is soon disturbed by tonal and rhythmic exploration, for the spiritual truths this simple world lives by cannot be separated from Emerson's aspiring Will and Hawthorne's guilt-ridden Conscience. So 'the richness of not having' leads into the Thoreau movement, wherein the recluse of Walden sits in his summer doorway, in an oriental contemplation that involves forsaking of works. At last the contrarious motives are resolved in an undulating, pentatonic-tending melody and an eternally oscillating ostinato that states all the elements of the epic motive simultaneously. In the final bars the contraries return: each resolution into Being is the start of a new cycle of Becoming.

While the piano sonatas are probably Ives's greatest works, he returned more frequently to the violin and piano sonata: a medium he considered 'easier', because lyric song (which Ives called 'verse') could be readily associated with the violin, as against the amorphous, evolutionary 'prose' of the piano. Thus the first movement ('Autumn') of his Second Violin Sonata (1903-

1910) is the same kind of music as the Nature movements of the piano sonatas, only shorter, less complex. The two themes—a noble *adagio* phrase growing from a falling fifth and an *allegro moderato* hymn-tune—interact in shifting modal and rhythmic identities until the violin plays the fifth-theme inverted and syncopated while the piano plays a triplet extension of the *allegro* tune with descending chromatic bass. The music sweeps to a series of ever more impetuous climaxes, each of which breaks off abruptly.

The second movement, 'In the Barn', is Saturday-night-hop music, in which both instruments imitate the raucous off-beat ragging, the off-key squawking, the false starts and non-co-ordinations of the primitive music-makers. The excitement generated by the cross-rhythms and tonal contradictions is not primitive at all, however: except in so far as it reveals the violence beneath the pioneer's insouciant need to 'make it new'. The third movement, 'The Revival', has a slow introduction, recalling the material and the nature-mysticism of the first movement. This leads into a hymn-tune, in close canon at the tritone, followed by four variations wherein the melody is fused with the hymn of the first movement. The variations grow increasingly ecstatic until the piano accompanies the violin hymn with a clangorous stomp of telescoped tonic, dominant and subdominant chords: an effect at once thrilling and strange.

The Fourth Sonata, 'Children's Day at the Camp Meeting' (1915), is a shorter relative of the Second Sonata. The first movement goes back to the roots of New England music in eighteenth-century English polyphony, which it re-creates in open-air exuberance: the organ is being played in chapel while the boys march outside, singing a different tune, often in a different key; and those who sing loudest sing the most wrong notes. The beautiful *largo* 'makes anew' the hymn 'Yes, Jesus loves me', dissolving hymnic innocence in polytonal, polyrhythmic nature-noises. The *allegro* middle-section, when the boys, gone berserk, indulge in stone-throwing, is rhythmically destructive and harmonically savage; but the 'naughtiness', being a child's, serves only to deepen the heart-easing quietude of the enriched recapitulation. That the child's simplicity is a quality the adult has repeatedly to recapture is revealed in the last movement, an erratic oom-pah of ninth chords, over which the violin sings a hymn. At the end, the melody stops with the first clause, 'Shall we gather at the river', leaving the players to *think* the remaining words—'that flows by the throne of God'. The child would know. We, grown up, are left with a question and with (musically) a disturbing hiatus.

Drying Clothes Indoors

KAY SMALLSHAW on choosing and using heated dryers

THE TIME-HONOURED ways of drying the wash indoors are to hang it over a line, preferably where the air is warm, or to drape it over a 'horse' or rail close to a fire. Today a variety of equipment makes it possible to get the wash safely and quickly out of the way. With all types, warmed air is the drying medium. In the more expensive, air movement, with or without actual movement of the clothes, speeds up the process and counteracts the stiffness that static drying causes in some materials.

The most popular clothes dryer comprises a natural-draught convector heater (electric or gas) fitted at the bottom of a small, top-opening metal cupboard with clothes rails. The heater must be effectively screened from the drying compartment so that clothes cannot touch it. It is also particularly important that no drops of water fall on the heater, so that anything placed in the cabinet must first be well wrung-out, 'spun', or patted in an absorbent towel. Usual capacity is about fifteen feet of rail. Sample 'loads' given on some leaflets seem quite big, but cramming the cabinet makes for slow, patchy drying. However, used intelligently, a dryer of this size will deal with a family-size wash in a few hours.

Quality depends upon the type of heater, its power, and whether adjustable to more than one heat; the rust-resistance of the cabinet (aluminium is best in this respect); the kind of rods, and the general detail and finish. There is a good choice of designs between £6 and £10. Pay twice as much and one has the choice of 'fan-activated' drying (electric only); a larger capacity; extra power and refinements, or of all three. The fan in a forced-

draught cabinet is not very powerful but some people find the continuous noise rather trying.

Similarly, the noise of the revolving drum, and with some makes the ticking of the timer, too, can be a drawback to the most trouble-free and quick-to-use kind of dryer, the electric 'tumbler'. However, as both drying time and drying temperature are automatically controlled, one can toss in a load (no folding of the clothes

is necessary) and go away. A further advantage of these more expensive dryers (average price £50-£60) is that the instructions are detailed and accurate, so that over-drying, always a hazard with heated dryers, is easy to avoid.

Folding clothes dryers usually consist of a flat convector heater which can be used on its own as a room heater, and a separate telescopic rack, with or without a cover. These have a definite appeal where space is limited but double-purpose equipment is rarely wholly satisfactory for both uses. Price and quality of folding dryers vary from around £5-£20, but any make sold by an Electricity Board showroom will have passed exacting safety tests.

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Crossword No. 1,644.

Otiose—II.

By ffancy.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 35s., 25s., and 21s. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 7. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The clues are of two kinds. One kind consists of two clues joined together consecutively: each leads to a different light—the first at the position indicated, the second elsewhere in the diagram. In these clues either the first word or the last word is a definition leading, respectively, to the first or the second answer. The other answer is clued by the remaining words, which include a definition (generally of two or more words) and a 'hidden mixture', not necessarily in this order: this does not coincide with either of the definitions. The other kind of clue is, on the face

of it, entirely otiose: a closer examination may, however, disclose a useful relationship between these clues and the lights in the positions indicated.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Innkeeper owns small cafés whose inmates tiddle daily
7. Stock cars can be driven! Learners retreat!
14. Like muscular pain? Can't endure it, am horrible, I rage and storm
15. Exacting? Nonsense!
16. North American bird; habitat, garden or nursery; tail-feathers, red
17. Characterized by strong devotion to duty, does not criticize; tipped for promotion to Board of Governors
19. Railroad got new boss—hurrah!
21. Indian expresses no amazement at seeing sacred bull in temple
23. Wood-sorrel can be used when you can't get linea or cotton substitute
24. Quoit, made of felt or rope, insulates vital part of helicopter
26. Apprentice airman
27. Tea planters turn to coffee on account of plant disease
29. Muttering can, naturally, be used to indicate non-comprehension
30. Custard-apple, for example, tempts me not at all. No, an apricot for me, juicy and firm
33. Boring machine doesn't work? Droll, I can't understand its failure
36. Thirteen's an 'orrid figure, boding ill-luck, liberating ruin
39. Irish foresters' lore is considerable—there's nothing to be afraid of
40. Expensive stuff, caviar—many like it, none refuse to eat some
41. Sabotage by terrorists, agent plans scare
42. Cleaner towns must have refuse dumps

DOWN

1. Properties' owner pays taxes, agreed? And not the renters?

2. Evil spirit can cause harm, animists say, using magic stuff made of resin
3. Discretion makes each man a wonder
4. Radio user essays TV
5. Natural resources
6. Letter deliveries not occurring so commonly at one time
7. Stubborn ladies find no chaps!
8. Charming person scared away
9. A mixed-up clue? Courage!
10. Painter uses viscous oils having the characteristics of NaO
11. Languidly and prettily
12. Close of the poet's short day has been finely depicted in *Eclough by the River*
13. Twelve hundred per year? Overdraft alone needs as much? Shame!
18. Particle going round and round stable nuclei
20. Having eyes to see so acutely the beauty of English woods
22. Pike-perch, gill red, transverse fin grey, having thread-like coils
24. Dubious product
25. He looks happy, but grim lesson makes his spirits lower
27. Children thin? Try sugar, pie
28. How people play at tennis
31. Ordain priest, pastors
32. Superficial extent of amoebae rather less than $\frac{1}{100}$ sq. in., approximately
34. Comb Scottish terriers carefully to make them smart, like other breeds
35. Railway signals: 'stop!'
37. Age matters not: I see infinitely more through my old eyes
38. Liberal success

Solution of No. 1,642

7	8	0	4	2	2	9	3	5	1
9	5	6	2	1	1	6	4	3	0
3	0	0	8	9	7	0	3	1	7
4	3	8	7	5	2	4	0	4	3
9	0	2	5	2	5	0	0	4	7
7	5	7	7	1	5	8	1	7	4
7	6	7	2	3	0	4	3	5	1
6	8	1	4	7	2	8	1	8	0
3	7	0	7	3	9	8	7	3	2
2	2	1	9	0	0	6	6	2	4

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